

*Colonial Historie
of Ye Parish of
Mount Carmel*

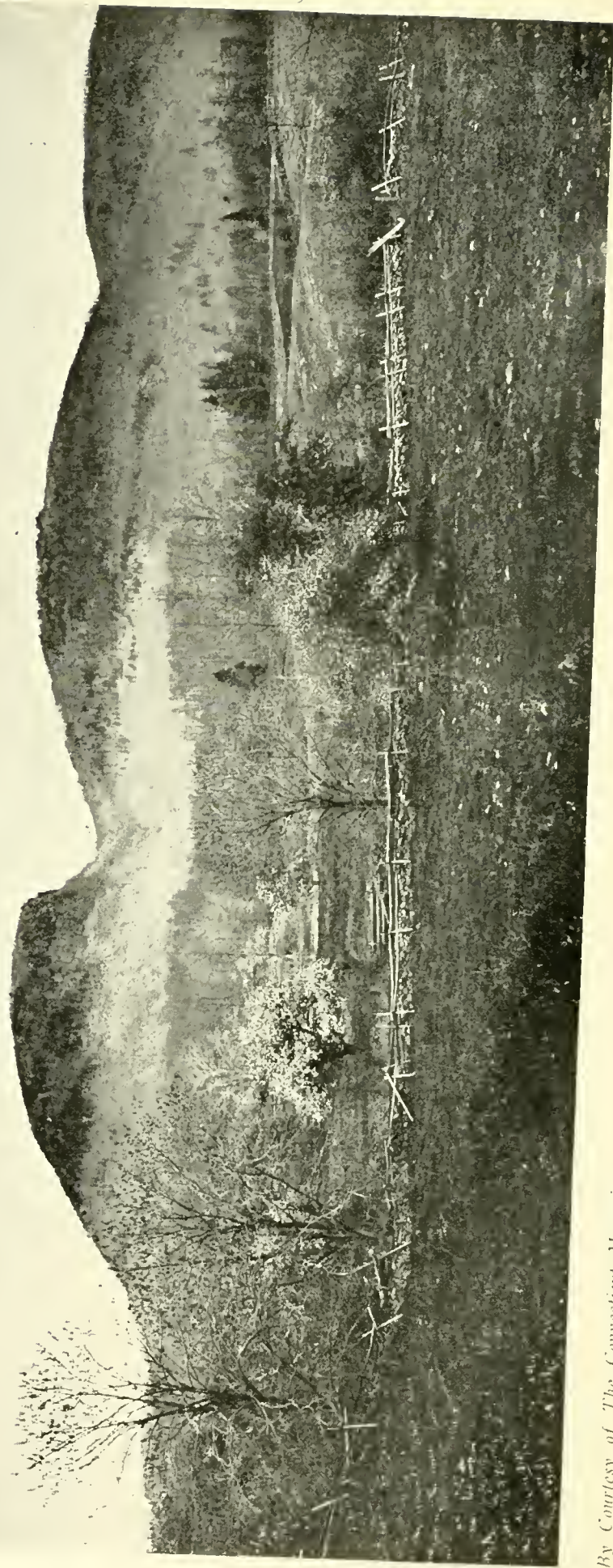
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MOUNT CARMEL.

COLONIAL HISTORY
OF THE
PARISH OF MOUNT CARMEL

AS READ IN ITS GEOLOGIC FORMATIONS, RECORDS
AND TRADITIONS

By JOHN H. DICKERMAN
II

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW HAVEN, CONN.:
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1904

TO
MY DAUGHTER CAROLYN,
WHO HAS AIDED ME IN PRESERVATION
OF THESE HISTORICAL NOTES
AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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INTRODUCTORY.

THOSE who live after us may want to know something about the first settlers of Mount Carmel. Although at the present time less than a century and a half has elapsed since a Colonial charter was granted to form the Ecclesiastical Society of the parish of Mount Carmel, the first settlement dating not more than thirty years earlier, there is now great difficulty in getting authentic records of those who lived here in Colonial days.

The aim of the writer has been to place before the reader, incidents in the lives of men and families, with biographical sketches of character, and, so far as possible, illustrated by photographs of houses still preserved that date back to the first century of settlement. Few individuals now live who can contribute from memory or tradition, events prior to 1800. At that date, seventy years had passed, during which time the conception and carrying out the greater part of the structure which now completes the map of Mount Carmel, had been completed. The question is often asked, "Who was the person that gave the name to the parish?" So far as can be ascertained, satisfactory replies will be given, with, perhaps, some of doubtful issue, leaving a field for future historians to explore.

Aid in the work has been sought and responded to by members of the Mount Carmel Book Club, and to all those credit is duly made and the thanks of the writer extended for their courtesy.

JOHN H. DICKERMAN.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
GENERAL CONDITIONS,	9
GEOLOGIC FORMATIONS,	18
REMINISCENCES OF THE INDIANS,	22
THE STEPS,	25
RELATION TO NORTH HAVEN,	32
CHURCH NOTES,	33
COLONIAL FAMILY RECORDS:	
BRADLEY FAMILY,	37
CHATTERTON FAMILY,	44
PECK FAMILY,	46
MILLER FAMILY,	48
IVES FAMILY,	50
BASSETT FAMILY,	51
MUNSON AND KIMBERLY,	52
TUTTLE FAMILY,	56
TODD FAMILY,	65
DICKERMAN FAMILY,	69
THE FLORA,	72
JAIRUS DICKERMAN,	82
CHARLES BROCKETT,	90
THE HEZEKIAH BROCKETT OAK,	92
DOG LANE COURT,	94
CEMETERY EPITAPHS,	100
LAND RECORDS,	102
BLUE HILL RECORD BOOK,	103
WEATHER RECORD,	107

GENERAL CONDITIONS.

MOUNT Carmel Parish was all included in the original New Haven Colony, the northern boundary being then the same as at the present time, extending from the Quinnipiac River at a point near the first dam on the river at the location of the Quinnipiac mills, extending west in nearly a straight line to Amity, now Bethany; the line thence extending south on or near the top of the mountain to the point of intersection with the southern boundary of Shepard's Brook, thence following an easterly course to the junction with Mill River. Thence the line continued in a north and east direction, following the river to a point then known as the James Ives Farm. There the boundary line left the river and followed the southern boundary of said farm, running in an easterly direction to a four-rod highway; thence the line continued north on the highway to the farm of Ithamar Todd. There the line left the highway and continued through Ithamar Todd's farm to the foot of the Blue Hills. From there it continued in an easterly course, following the highway to the point of intersection on the Quinnipiac River at or near the location of the dam.

Such was outlined as the boundary of the Parish of Mount Carmel, and this outline is still employed in the official business of the town of Hamden in allotting official work, designated as the Mount Carmel Society.

The southern portion of the town of Hamden is known officially as the East Plains Society, which, united with the Parish of Mount Carmel in 1786, formed the town of Hamden.

Mount Carmel of to-day, with five miles of electric road in Whitney Avenue, the macadam pavement, the named streets branching from Whitney Avenue, the steam road with its convenient depots for passengers and freight, the numerous stores and elegant homes, abodes of refinement and wealth, that have been accumulated by development of natural resources here found, present so great a change from the native forest which covered the whole area less than two hundred years ago, as to cause the time to seem short in which such change has developed. The members of the Book Club now meet monthly in their parlors adorned with taste and art from the whole world—contrast it with the first log cabin, built with the axe of the pioneer who blazed his path hither from the settlement of New Haven, which then had struggled for an existence during its first hundred years. In those days mutual helpfulness was a trait of character found in every family—such as always exists more strongly among those people striving to promote a worthy cause; so long as an unsubdued wilderness covered the earth

and the sustenance of families depended on cultivation of the soil, sturdy muscular development was the energy by which bread was furnished their homes.

(The following poem was read at a re-union of the Todd family.)

In age we linger over youthful scenes
And all the radiance of their lives outlined;
What passed, as all must pass, through sordid things,
Is all forgot, and loveliness entwined.

We see a wreath where once there was a gnarl;
We hear a whisper as an angel sings—
To them it may have been a scroll
Of terror, fastened to the cross it clings.

Their lives were at the dawn—ours full day;
Their hopes were onward, of the future dreaming;
Their work is done—ours seems like play
Compared with marvels of their past revealing.

Yet, who are we who fill this link unbroken?
And who will come to make the chain unending?
Can we a stroke of destiny or token
Leave after us that will not mar the mending?

They wrought and built, art by their labor fashioned;
Time was too short while day illumed the sky;
The moonbeams often fell athwart impassioned
Man who wielded thus the ax, the hoe, the scythe.

For them a battle every day was raging;
Strength was the meed by which their goal was won;
Their crown was not an emblem, fleeting, fading,
But of a substance done.

Mark, yonder, where a marble shaft uprising,
Displays the names of those we here commend;
We feel they live, and in the future dawning
We meet again,—a meeting without end.

There was much more than poetic fiction relating to work by moonlight with the ax or the cradle in securing the harvest. Those who still remember fireside tales of sixty years ago, listened to recounting of feats of their sires quite as remarkable, and performed with a worthier purpose, than the skilled athletes in their brutal contests on the ball fields. In the earlier days no call to stop work was heeded but the dinner horn. Up with the sun and work until dark, was the custom, and after that do the chores by the light from the tallow candle shining through punctured tin lanterns. "The plowman homeward plods his weary way"

*Photographed by H. B. Welch.*

THE SLEEPING GIANT.

was truth exemplified in many a household before the riding or sulky plow turned a furrow.

It was a day when the Lord reigned solitary in families. The meeting house, many miles from the home of a remote settler, might be visited but a few times a year. Yet there grew, in many a home circle, devout hearts that trusted in God. The fear of the Lord was in the land. There is a tradition of Josiah Todd awaking one morning to find the ground about his house filled with wild turkeys. The ready gun was brought at once, ready for use, when the solemn thought occurred that it was the Sabbath day. With reluctance—we imagine—the gun was put in rest, thinking a temptation from the Devil to him had entered the wild turkeys to thus expose themselves within grasp on the one holy day of the week. We know the house of this Josiah Todd was far from others, that the echo from his gun would have awakened no disturbing thoughts among his neighbors, that no law forbade him to supply his board with choice fowl, but the voice of conscience stirred him to keep one day holy unto the Lord. Of such character were made the men of our forefathers. When they listened to a sermon, they thought of it, and if the tenets taught did not agree with their version of the Bible, a new sect would soon arise, meetings would be held in private houses, where the people exhorted as they were led by the spirit. Such sturdy independence in thought may not have strengthened organized associations, but it filled a

people with bold and fearless thought; it inspired original expression in prose and verse, as appears in a *Revery in the Blue Hills*.

What do the trees say, tuned by the wind?
 First into ecstasy deeply they bend;
 Softly and slow the murmurs descend
 Till, hushed into silence, no leaf is astir;
 The carol of linnet, or pheasant's shrill whirr—
 Naught else—shows that life is breathing the air.
 The coney is sleeping, the fox in his lair.
 The dim, fleecy clouds approach us above;
 Suspended are we o'er the plain where we rove.
 We sweep the full orbit by magical wand;
 It seems as if Heaven had sought us, and found
 That our trust and our confidence stood us in need,
 Has raised us high up over ocean and mead.
 We drink the rich draught which so seldom befalls
 To mortals who only in parlors and halls
 See the kingdoms of earth spread their banners afar,
 Or witness on plains the carnage of war.
 Our victory here is one of good-will.
 We listen again to the murmurs that thrill
 All our fancies with longing, then silently sleep;
 The cadence is softened and hushed as the deep.
 In a mountain our Saviour with angels conversed;
 In a mountain God gave His commandments to earth;
 In the mountains our refuge has ever been laid;
 Lot fled to the mountain for safety and aid.

The trees on the mountain have whispered to me
 When the wind stirred their leaves, just as mortals should be
 When approached by a friend, feel the wave that inclines
 The heart-beat to unison, meeting the mind
 So gently and still, we feel the repose
 Of confidence, trusting to Heaven our foes.

Spiritual life of a people, when the expression is recorded, appears among the earliest, showing the strength of character: thus the charter appears as the Ecclesiastical Society of the Parish of Mount Carmel granted in 1757. North Haven had a society with an ordained minister in 1718, supported, no doubt, in part, by families who later left that parish to join the Mount Carmel Society. The fertile valley of the Quinnipiac River early drew farmers to take up land. Mention is made of settlers there in 1641, and that in 1670 a good number of families had made their homes in the Quinnipiac Valley.

Mount Carmel had other preponderating influence than agriculture. The towering hills, always in view when the first settlers sailed up the harbor, must have been a source of wonder, curiosity, and a certain amount of superstition

which long haunted the gloomy forest of the Blue Hills. Reaching across the valley, on the west bordered by Mill River, an excellent mill site had been cut in the trap rock by the flow of a once mighty river, continued through the untold ages of the past. Late geological teachings include this valley to the north as once the bed of the Farmington and the Quinnipiac Rivers; a mighty torrent indeed, must have rushed through the narrow gorge at the western foot of Mount Carmel, spreading far and wide and below the dike of trap rock.

Depressions, washouts, gravel beds and a general rough and tumble makeup of the valley lands are explained by the knowledge that a mighty river Farmington and Quinnipiac united with Mill River once poured its waters onward to the Sound, depositing the great delta of "Hamden Plains" and the site mostly occupied by New Haven.

The glacial ice cap is credited with having produced the change in the flow of rivers and with having lowered the summits of Carmel and East and West Rocks, which are thought to have been two thousand feet higher than at present. Mt. Carmel as an intruded lava flow from beneath the crust of red sandstone which covers the valley, brought in its make-up the native copper which has been found here in nuggets weighing ninety pounds, and doubtless the two hundred-pound scrap dug from the soil a few miles to the south, was conveyed thither by ice. The deposits of gold-bearing rock with silver and large quantities of magnetic iron disclose a vast field fully worthy of investigation for mineral wealth.¹ They fully justify the opinions expressed by the extensive examinations made of this valley by Professor Charles U. Shepard, published in his report of Mineralogy of Connecticut in 1835, where he predicts this valley will become the richest mineral producing of the whole area. Here is a field which carries us back to the remote past for investigation and leaves plenty of room for future speculation as to what may yet be found in the bosom of these eternal hills. Numerous traditions exist of early explorations here. We have the fact that the mountain gave the name to the settlement, but who was the individual who boldly proclaimed the name as a fitting emblem of the Mount known by that name in Palestine?

The unique situation and lofty views enjoyed from the summit, have always made it a favorite resort, and many attempts have been made to utilize and improve it in some manner which would benefit the promoters. In 1807 the proprietors of the land united in an association for that purpose, which continued in existence until 1842. The enclosing of the whole mountain by a lawful fence to protect the growing wood from stock, seems to be the extent of this association's improvements. Their work is of interest, as the records compiled show who

¹Note. Gold is found in assay by Arizona School of Mines, March 25, 1904, of which the Director, Professor William P. Blake, says: "The occurrence is very interesting to science and requires further careful investigation."



Photograph by H. B. Hall

VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT.



Photographed by H. B. Welch.

MILL RIVER.

then owned the land, and have been of much help in determining, at a later day, some of the original boundaries.¹ So long as wood had a commercial value which placed a very favorable credit to the owner of woodlands, the sides and declivities were sharply defined by landmarks which denoted ownership. Economic changes which resulted from issues developed in the decade following 1860, tended to lessen the value of landed property and country holdings to such an extent that outlying woodlands were little appreciated. When the preceding generation had passed, most of the young men found wealth and pleasure in employments more congenial than the farm. Following such a course of evolution during forty years, land changed owners in some holdings, and boundaries were frequently defined with irregularity. The common form of conveying by deed, became, "bounded by land of" so and so, referring for more particular landmarks to "the original layout on record." By a tedious search of the Colonial Land Records, the original layout was at last found, and it is therein recorded in so definite measure that it is well worthy of perusal.

Reviewing the histories of North Haven and Hamden in which the historians have gathered from every available source all facts possible to obtain, a meagre field seems left to glean for further incidents "in pastures green." No historian can be more painstaking than Thorpe, none more able than Blake; their works can be read at every fireside. Still, there lingers a dearth of knowledge of what transpired in the immediate precincts of the historic mountain.

In Blake's history of Hamden, much is told us of the manufacturers who built up pioneer industries on Mill River. Very little is said about the erection of the dam at the "Steps." Of the milling, the kiln-drying of corn, the making of cloth, the saw-mill—such industries as are at first needed by the first settlers—we are left in the dark. Another mill site one mile north of the "Steps," where industries flourished during more than one hundred years, has no mention in contemporary histories. Few now living have recollections of what was done at these once centers of industry. Not even a water-wheel now remains at one of these designated spots to show that once on its site the grain was ground for the planters of the Colony, and that the rye gin distilled there had a reputation for excellence which made a market in foreign lands. The last mill man who lived on the spot and ran a saw-mill, Charles Downs, brought me a bunch of the finest wintergreen berries ever gathered, picked on the bank of this mill stream, and the same Charles Downs, then more than eighty years old, knew where to find the first blooming arbutus in its virgin growth.

On the morning of April 6th, 1902, the writer drove in quest of Charles Downs. Four score years had whitened his hair, but when last met his step was

¹Note. Extracts from the Blue Hill Common Field Record Book are given elsewhere in this volume.

firm and the characteristic vigor of early life seemed undiminished. Quick observation, with retentive memory, stored an active brain with varied experiences beyond the ken of most men now living.

With my first inquiry, came the reply—he no longer lives. The past had reclaimed him with the unnumbered host. Recollections none else can give, rest with him. Future people may appreciate history better from efforts to restore what is easy matter for the present to preserve, therefore make note of present events; the past will then be preserved, the future will always be at dawn.

One more worker in the Mill
Has ceased his labors and lies low;
The wheel, obedient to his will,
Stopped long ago,
Green grass now grows, the sod is firm;
A crumpled ruin all the Mill site shows.
Charles Downs was last in all the realm
Who raised the gate, where still the water flows.
Who was the first, tradition does not tell.
One Century. How much is lost!
How little thought we in this age who dwell,
To soon forget the records valued most.



Photographed by R. E. O'Brien.

WEST WOODS CEMETERY.

GEOLOGIC FORMATIONS.

Give us a day in that earlier time
When the tide rolled in from the sea.
Where it met the flow from the northern clime
And formed the plain we see.
The mountain peaks then reared aloft,—
To the clouds their summits rose;
East Rock, the Pines, and the Cave—a "drift"
Where the Judges sought repose,
That came in the glacial age and found
West Rock, above all tidal throes!
No name then lay on Carmel's brow
Of date,—that age is dim;
We read the book that lies below
The rush of waters grim.

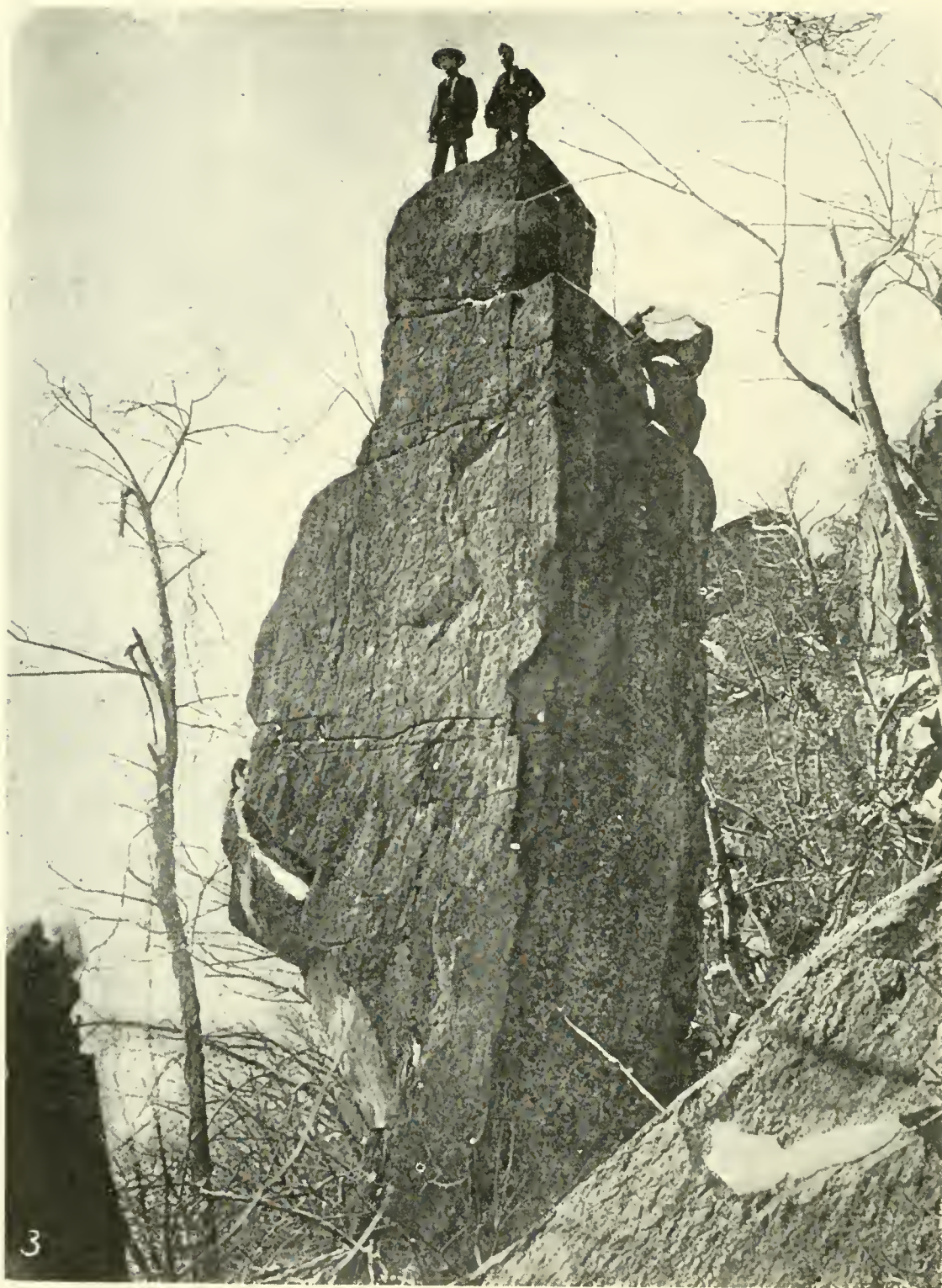
SELECTING as our place for observation, the spot called by the colonial settlers of New Haven, "Shepherds' Plain," looking toward the north we stand in a vast amphitheatre with a single outlet at the western foot of Carmel. The gap at this place is not more than 800 feet wide. The highest point of the trap dyke was originally at least fifty feet above the river bed. A large gravel drift lies just south of this highest point in the dyke, showing that here was for a long period of time, a great falls of the mighty river that flowed here, and the gravel carried over was worked up by the current on either side as it naturally would be, and left just where it now lies.

There seems no way to estimate the time required to wear down the rock by the river flow in the narrow gorge, dammed for mill uses as early as 1733. At that time but one other dam was on the stream—that at Whitneyville.

To the south of these falls, the primeval river which must have often flowed one hundred feet deep, spread over an area one mile or more wide. The water flowed eastward over the valley south and at the foot of Carmel, where a small plain was formed by the drift gravel and sand, rising in its highest part fifty feet above the river bed of the present day; numerous bowls and depressions are here found such as water will create by a heavy pressure flowing over a nearly level surface. All the evidences are found in this valley which we should expect under such conditions. The vast numbers of stone found with rounded sides, through the bottom of the valley, show the current was strong enough to bring

them along an immense distance, depositing them where found and carrying on the loam, gravel and fine particles to a lower level. The sides of the valley have the debris in finer material, mixed with coarse stones and streaks of sand. Where the volume of water came in conjunction with the sea is shown in the vast plain lying between East and West Rocks. That which refers to the original Parish of Mount Carmel embraces a two-mile area north of the mountain, where a similar condition of drift gravel covers the valley. A great basin extends far north where the Farmington and Quinnipiac Rivers once united in a common course through this valley to the sea. The underlying strata of red sandstone found in this valley, rises in ridges on either side, and often in irregular peaks along the valley. Such peaks of sandstone are often irrupted with trap dykes, and in Mount Carmel itself we find the greatest irruption of the region. Originally, this and the peaks of East and West Rocks are thought to have been several thousand feet high, thus bearing now the proportion of a stump to a tree.

Looking at the geological formation of the valley in this view, it is easy to understand why such a condition exists that is perplexing from any other view. We see why these gravelly soils are such poor agricultural lands, being loose and porous, not retaining elements of fertility, while the decomposed red sandstone, where of sufficient depth to form soil, is the most retentive and proves of value for all uses to the cultivator. It is particularly of great value in orchard culture and fruit of all varieties, as its slow decomposition affords a constant supply of potash to the growing plant.



BASALTIC COLUMN ON THIRD MOUNTAIN—REAR VIEW.

Photographed by H. B. Welch.



PASALTIC COLUMN ON THIRD MOUNTAIN—REAR VIEW.

Photographed by H. B. Welch.

REMINISCENCES OF THE INDIANS.

BEARING down on the home stretch toward New York, when the tourist returning from the Eastern world approaches Long Island, the first glimmer of land is Mount Carmel. The Carmel of the Holy Land has its prototype here. Conceived in the spirit of worship, its name was bestowed in the petition for a colonial charter by which a house might be built wherein to worship God.

Thus the Carmel of to-day, earlier known as the "Blue Hills," and later christened "The Sleeping Giant," speaks to the lovers of two hemispheres.

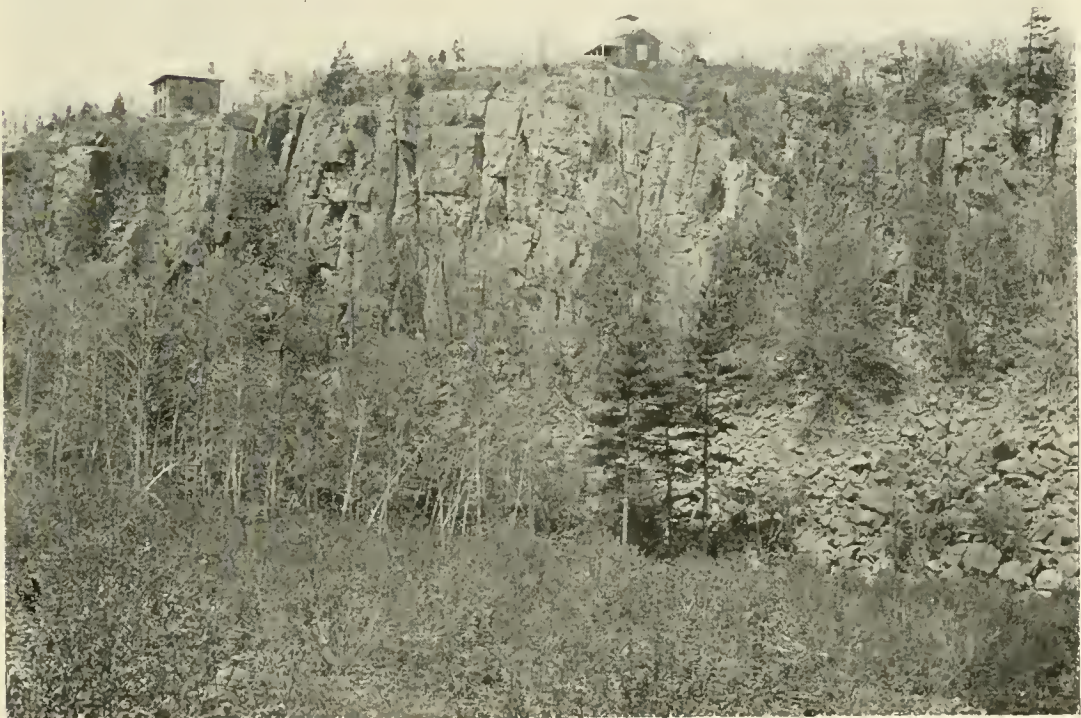
When viewed from the north, the outlines from Mts. Tom and Holyoke embrace Carmel in their view. The veteran innkeeper on the Catskills said to a party from New Haven, "What do you call that mountain just north of your city which we see from here on a favorable day?" When viewed from the south, Carmel shows its noble proportions. To the early navigators of the Sound it must have been a familiar landmark, and attracted the notice of William Haswell when making the coast survey for the United States government, and he made his abode here at the summit three weeks, his camp consisting of a covered wagon and accoutrements. This was about 1830.

For more than two and one-half centuries after the settlement of New Haven, Carmel lay in comparative solitude. A new era dawned in 1888. Its hitherto impregnable fastnesses were broken when on July 4th of that year no less than fifty carriages and two hundred visitors ascended to the summit over the road just then completed. From that date, progress has been onward. House after house has found a nesting place where the outlook repays the ascent of toil. Nine such summer cottages now afford a vacation of luxury to the owners. As history is not concerned with what is to come, the future may be for others to record. Of the hamlet which clusters at its foot, the stage coach has given place to the trolley, the first line of which across the state is near completion, constructed in the most approved form of modern building, the heaviest rails and full-sized steam road cross-ties being used in its make-up, and the ride through the Parish of Mount Carmel will not be the least interesting part of the way between New York and Boston.

So much of future possibilities cluster about this spot, thought takes more kindly to prophecy than to tradition, but in writing history such must be ignored and left for the future historian to make record of the prospects in store for these everlasting hills. In thought we see the last of the Quinmipiaks looking

from the summit over the valley of their departing homes. We hear their last plaintive song as it sounded sixty years ago from the last remnant of the tribe, as the writer saw their picturesque figures poised one May morning on an overhanging crag of the rocky precipice.

Like the last rays of sunset our days are now numbered,
Like the forest leaves strewed by autumn winds bear;
Our hopes are all perished, our chiefs have all slumbered,
By our foes we are smitten, our griefs—who can bear?
We have trod the dark forest when the red deer mingled
Its sports and its gambols with the doe and its fawn;
With our bow and our quiver we then could well single
One out of the troop to our wigwam adorn.
The skin of the panther and wolf lay together
Where stretched at full length from the chase we'd repose,
While the mantle of Bruin our shoulders would cover
And sweet were the dreams in our fancy arose.
Our land was the home of the free and the wild;
Our thoughts may be wilful—our actions are true;
Our wigwam's our home for our squaw and our child,
Our love will not perish as with sunshine the dew.



HASWELL LEDGE—THIRD MOUNTAIN.

Photographed by H. B. Welch.

With what lofty grandeur of spirit was uttered the acceptance of his death sentence, by the patriot of his band, "Nepaupuck" ("werein") "it is well." Historians applaud martyrs who die for their acts committed to save their country—if one such Indian is condemned as a murderer of white men, he suffers at their hands an ignominious death—of him no word has been written to commemorate a lofty spirit. A distinguished professor of Yale University, in a public lecture, said of "British Rule in India": "The natives did not understand the nature of written contracts." Follow what DeForest says of the Quinnipiac Indians, "Knowing little of European modes of life, and judging of the colonists greatly by themselves, they supposed that the latter would cultivate but little land, and support themselves for the rest, by trading, fishing and hunting. Little did they think that in the course of years the white population would increase from scores to hundreds, and from hundreds to thousands; that the deep forest would be cut down; that the wild animals would disappear; that the fish would grow few in the rivers; and that the poor remnant of the Quinnipiacs would eventually leave the graves of their forefathers and wander away into another land. Could they have anticipated that a change so wonderful, and, in their history, so unprecedented, would of necessity follow the coming of the white man, they would have preferred the Wampun tributes of the Pequots and the scalping parties of the Five Nations, to the vicinity of a people so kind, so peaceable and yet so destructive."

Note the poetic thought in the mode of conveyance of the title of the land from the sovereignty of the tribe, to the English: "A follower hands to his chief a piece of turf and a twig. Anasantawae (the chief) stuck the twig in the turf and gave both into the hands of the English." Thus, forever, the land passed from the ownership of the "aborigines." And who were they, and from whence? We can only commemorate their memory and be thankful that this tribe, the Quinnipiacs, did not stain our soil (which they sold, comprising eighteen miles from east to west and thirteen miles from the coast line to the north) with the blood of our forefathers. The one patriot of their band, Nepaupuck, who fought for his race, strayed into New Haven in 1639, when he was apprehended and speedily executed.

THE STEPS.

ONE of the first landmarks of the earliest settlers, and to which reference is frequently made in this history, was the "Steps," their location being between the store now owned by Homer B. Tuttle, and the upper factory of the Mount Carmel Axle Works. Since that day the trap dike has been cut through, first for a highway and chartered turnpike in 1798, and again by the Farmington Canal Co. in 1825, and a third cut much larger than the other cuts through the rock was made by the New Haven & Northampton Railroad Co. in about 1882, but at first the highway at this point was obstructed by the trap rock, the only passage being the "Steps." There is a tradition preserved by Homer B. Tuttle, now a merchant at that location, that his grandmother, who was a Kimberly, said that her grandmother had told of riding on horseback down the Steps on her way to New Haven. It appears that the locality was difficult to pass over, and may have been regarded perilous similar to Putnam's descent at Horseneck.

The origin of the word trap as applied to rock, is Swedish, from "trappa," signifying "stairs," this rock having that preponderating character in its formation. These steps are found in various widths, sometimes narrow, frequently wide and covering a surface of several feet between each division; thus, at this particular spot in Mount Carmel they constituted an elongated plane ascending along the side of the dike until they reached the top, and were ascended and descended most frequently on horseback, not admitting the passage of wheeled vehicles until after a passage was cut through the dike and a large amount of filling done on the south side to build a road.

The course traveled is mentioned as a "path" in 1722, but it was a continuation of a highway ordered to be laid out in 1686 and that it should be six rods wide. This "layout" does not appear to have been complete until 1722, continuing through New Haven bounds where the north boundary was by the farm of Daniel Andrews. Broad ideas were held by pioneers of those days. The beautiful street laid out through the village of Mount Carmel, that for more than one mile has a straight and uninterrupted view, before 1800 was built up with two-story colonial houses with two rooms fronting the street, which was six rods wide. A few still remain, landmarks of a century's growth. Many have disappeared within the memory of the writer. The street has been narrowed to four rods, which for thirty years was occupied in part by a steam railroad, and at the present time by a trolley line. Had the six-rod width been preserved, few towns in the state could have presented a drive of more natural beauty.



Photographed by H. B. Welch. THE OLD "KIMBERLY" STORE.



Photographed by R. E. O'Brien. SITE OF THE "STEPS."



Photographed by H. B. Welch.

AT THE LOWER DAM.



Photographed by Theodore Vick THE MILL-DAM AT THE "STEPS."

Nature bestowed large gifts on the make-up of Mount Carmel. Few localities exist where a river, with water power, a turnpike, a canal, steam railroad, and electric trolley are all combined in so narrow space. The benefits accruing where so many businesses converge have not accumulated the resident wealth that naturally flows to such a center. There has been much to mar the beauty here. Three well built homes were removed to make way for the canal. The houses now stand on the east side of the highway, in much inferior situations to the place where originally built. A fourth house, erected by Samuel Bellamy, stood near the present church. The house was commodious, two-story, in good colonial style, with a broad lawn in front, and ample space to the highway. This house was made the official home of Day Spring Lodge of Free Masons, organized in 1794. The canal cut through the front yard in 1825. Thereafter this place, and many other homes that faced the street on the west side, lost much attractiveness. The canal proved a pecuniary loss to every one connected with it.

In 1800 the chartered Turnpike Co. had usurped the rights of the townsmen to their six-rod highway, and placed an obnoxious toll gate, collecting gate money on what had been a free road. Several town meetings were summoned in August and September, 1803, when votes were recorded to order the selectmen to remove the fence, only to leave so much as stood on the four rods, ceded to the Chartered Turnpike Company.

September 19, 1803. Voted, "That a petition be presented to the General Assembly, praying a removal of the Cheshire turnpike gate, established in this town so that the inhabitants can have the use of their old roads free of toll, or relief in some other manner, and the selectmen are hereby directed to have said petition, and to subscribe it in the name and behalf of the town." All these attempts proved utterly futile, as the narrowed highway continued, and toll was collected by the Turnpike Company later than 1850.

Ostensibly to shun the steam cars, but in fact more to clear the toll gate, a highway was built about 1850, east of, and crossing Mill River. This road was mostly built by private subscription. By making a detour of a little more than one mile, the toll gate was passed, and much danger from passing trains of cars avoided. So much were the profits eliminated from the gate fees, that the Turnpike Company relinquished their charter and the highway became once more a free road.

Mr. John L. Preston, of Cheshire, furnishes the following ancient document, which is of especial interest at this point in our history, as it refers to the Steps just described. The document is labelled, "Munson & Hotchkiss Covenant," and the saw-mill of which it treats was located at the dam on the river where is now the lower shop of the Mount Carmel Axle Works:

"This INDENTURE MADE this ninth day of December, 1735, WITNESSETH that whereas Joel Munson of the town and County of New Haven in the Colonie of Connecticut in New England, have Erected and built a Saw mill on the River called New Haven Mill River, att or near a place called the Steps in New Haven afors'd,

"It is agreed between the sd Joel Munson on the one part and Jacob Hotchkiss of sd New Haven on the other part, that the said Munson shall keep and maintain a Good and Sufficient Saw mill, either by himself or his heirs or assigns att or near the place that the aforesd mill now standeth as long as the sd Munson his heirs or assigns or the Selectmen of the town of New Haven shall think and judge that a saw mill may or shall be accounted advantageous & profitable in sd place and as long as sd Saw mill shall so remain, I, the sd Joel Munson do bind myself, my heirs, exrs, admrs & assigns to saw the one half of sd term that the mill can run for the sd Jacob Hotchkiss his heirs, exrs, or admrs or assigns att any and all times when he or they shall have any loggs at the sd mill, and if in case he the sd Hotchkiss his heirs &c shall have no loggs att the sd mill then the sd Munson his heirs &c have libertie to Improve sd mill, the whole time to their best advantage until such time as that there be by sd Hotchkiss his heirs &c a supply of loggs provided and then the sd Munson shall again att the Request of the sd Hotchkiss Improve the sd mill the one half of sd time in the sawing of such loggs as he the sd Hotchkiss shall direct, either into board, plank, slit oak &c which by the judgment of two Lawyors if difference arise, shall be counted good and merchantable, and the sd Jacob Hotchkiss doth bind himself his heirs and assigns to Rendor unto the sd Munson his heirs &c the one half of the load plank, slit work &c that shall be sawed out of loggs that are twelve foot long and fifteen inches Diameter at the smallest end that did belong to and were the propertie of the sd Hotchkiss his heirs &c and for loggs of shorter dimentions as they the parties concerned can agree or as two indifferent persons may or shall think just, each party to choose one, and if in case either party refuse, the other to choose both, to which agreement we as the parties before named viz: Joel Munson and Jacob Hotchkiss have hereunto Interchangeably sett our hands and seals and do by these presents bind ourselves our heirs, exrs admrs and assigns faithfully to keep and perform every clause and article of the foregoing Covenant and agreement according to the true intent and meaning of the foregoing and above written on the forfeiture of one hundred pounds money payable by the party nott complying therewith to the party wronged or suffering thereby, upon demand or upon the breach of any part or articles thereof. Signed and sealed the day and year aforsd.

"JACOB HOTCHKISS.

"Signed Sealed and
Delivered in presence of
"ISRAEL SMITH"
SAM'L DARLING."

A feature of our economic system is much to be regretted, that by review of the past, short as it is, compared with associations of country life in England and on the European Continent, we find here, allowing the full limit of two hundred years since our first houses were built, so few families at the present day, owning and occupying the land of their fathers. As it appears here, the same is true throughout New England. It is not sufficient to say this is all brought about by depletion of our soils, low prices for farm products, and Western farm competition. To one who has lived and farmed on the Western prairies,

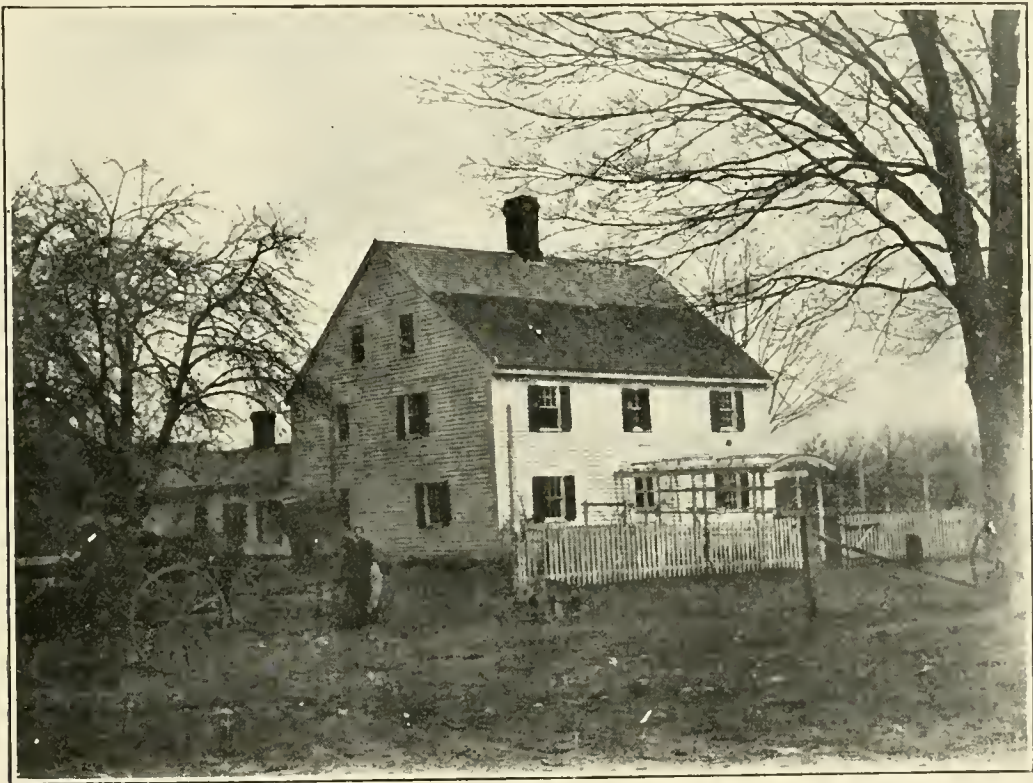
and known the personal inconveniences of life there, and truly compared the situation with a New England farm, the balance should be in favor of an Eastern home. We must look for other reasons that determine youth to leave the farm. The hatred of oppression that was a primal cause in settling New England, led the pioneers to abolish all tenures of land after the life of the testator; hence followed the law of distribution of the farm. The work of accumulation that has progressed by the united work of the family to the enriching of a homestead, is shortly dissipated, unless one of the many heirs assumes the load of responsibility to carry alone what has been previously borne by the united labors of the family. Is there reason to wonder that such a system can produce aught but abandonment of farms? We have now arrived at that point in our economic situation where some of the immigrants landing in America, take up the phase much as our forefathers found it, and with a farm four-fold reduced in value from the demise of the last testator, begin the work of restoration, aided by a numerous family.

Thus we find the names of the descendants of our pioneer settlers of the Parish of Mount Carmel, such as Bradley, Andrews, Allen, Peck, Dickerman, Ives, Bellamy, Bassett, Munson, Tuttle, Perkins, Kimberley, Hitchcock, Brockett, Doolittle, Todd, and a host of others who have sought careers in different avenues of life, with the result that when now riding through the Parish of Mount Carmel, the individual descendants occupying the homes of their ancestors can be counted on the fingers of the hands. The rich inheritance of fathers to sons, of historic family associations, cannot endure where such short-lived customs of inheritance continue in vogue. There is a destructive competition carried on between producers engaged in similar lines of production. Much time is unnecessarily lost by farmers carrying to market small amounts of perishable products. In so doing they often beg a market from house to house, accepting any price offered. The total receipts of a day's sale will often fall below the compensation of a fair allowance for man and team. The demoralized condition of the market values, subject to such a system of sales, is destructive to a prosperous condition of agriculture in towns near manufacturing centers. The farmer who lives remote from the centers of consumption, unites all his efforts in the production of some staple crops, and by consigning to, or selling outright to men familiar with market values, reaps a much better reward.

In the old colonial days the landed "Proprietors" had a significance in their name that has long since departed. The earliest records are preserved under the title of "Proprietors' Records," which then extended chiefly to land. While this comforting assurance existed of a real worth in landed titles, agriculture flourished, measures were adopted for emulation in particular lines, and a distinction worth preserving was the approval of having the best stock exhibited at the County fair. The New Haven County Agricultural Society may have passed before the memory of the present generation. To its credit may be placed the record of one of

the earliest, if not the first organization of the kind in the United States. It is known that leading farmers in Mount Carmel aided liberally in promoting successful exhibitions for a long period. Sterling Bradley, whose houses and barns still stand as he built them on the old colonial highway, afterward the turnpike, was an early promoter of choice cattle. His Durham stock long held precedence in the town, and his name became proverbial as associated with fine oxen. It was the custom at the County fair to award a liberal premium to the most numerous and best team of oxen exhibited by any town within the county. The team started at or near the home of Sterling Bradley and continued to augment as it proceeded through the town until one hundred and twenty-five yoke of oxen were gathered in the "round up" on New Haven Green. Mount Carmel always carried home the banner of victory when an effort was made to get out its full quota. On one occasion the returning team, numbering ninety yoke of oxen, was attached to a plow and turned a furrow up through Whitney Avenue, beginning near where Sachem Street intersects. Mr. Ford, a town resident of more than ninety years old, held the plow as it slowly proceeded through the avenue, directed by marshals on horseback, the victorious oxen decorated with blue ribbons.

A much better system of farming then prevailed than in the present day. Fields were tilled in more successful rotation of crops, and with more individual care. The cost of cultivation in cash value was less, and the profit greater.



BUILT BY LYMAN BRADLEY.

Photographed by R. E. O'Brien. Present Home of F. C. Dickerman.

RELATION TO NORTH HAVEN.

TO what extent Mount Carmel Parish was indebted to North Haven during pioneer life, can be gleaned only in part by consulting historians who have made special work in individual research. Thorpe, in "North Haven Annals," mentions the name of each known resident, and also several from Mount Carmel who were members of the North Haven Ecclesiastical Society.

Keeping in mind the fact that North Haven was settled many years earlier than Mount Carmel, gives sufficient cause for families going to "meeting" there.

North Haven Parish, chartered in 1716, extended to the land now occupied by the Mount Carmel church, and in 1757 embraced twelve families now included in Mount Carmel. The North Haven Parish then included about forty families. When Mount Carmel was made a parish in 1757, between twenty and thirty families were taken from North Haven, and included in Mount Carmel. In 1764, when Mount Carmel Church was formed, eighteen members from North Haven Church were embodied in the Mount Carmel Church. They had communed with the North Haven Church until that time. The population of North Haven Parish in 1700 was estimated as one hundred.



BUILT BY NATHANIEL SHERMAN IN 1772.

Photographed by R. E. O'Brien.

CHURCH NOTES.

RESIDENTS of the parish were early given to theological controversy. Such influences developed first attempts to get a Colonial charter for independence from the North Haven denomination, which is characterized by the genial historian, Thorpe, as "An incident calculated to vex the soul." Quoting from the "Colonial Records," he says: "Upon the memorial of Daniel Bradley and others, the inhabitants of the north part of the first society of New Haven, showing that they live at a great distance from the public worship in said society, pray to have a committee to view the circumstances of the memorialists and if they shall think it meet and best, make them a distinct ecclesiastic society as by the memorial on file more fully appears."

Following, in "North Haven Annals," appears the contest waged before the Colonial Assembly, to defeat the petitioners, and six months later to curtail an enlargement.

Choosing the site and the building of the first house for worship is relegated to the past. No tradition throws light on what may have hindered or advanced the work. During a period of forty years, there may have been comparative quiet. Nearby was erected a church building by Episcopal churchmen, which was later removed three miles south. Work for a new building in which to worship must have commenced near 1830. Mention is made of many meetings called before an agreement was settled as to a site for the new building. Members who lived south, sought to remove or build the new house one-half mile or more in that course. The members who lived north were obdurate. Their consent was limited to a removal only across the street, which there leads west, making it not more than two hundred feet. Such was the ultimate decision, and the new meeting house was complete in about 1835.

Although the name of the author who christened Mount Carmel is veiled in obscurity, the inspiration suggested by its reference to scenes of the Holy Land may have something in it to promote a favorite home for ministers of the church. Whatever may have been the leading tendency, we find no less than four ministers have here built homes for family residence, and six others, born to the manor, or from its immediate ancestry, have made the ministry a life-work.

Those who here built homes, which are still an ornament in the parish, were:

Rev. Nathaniel Sherman, 1772. Present residence of George A. Morton.

Rev. Israel P. Warren, D.D., 1850. Present residence of F. H. Pierce.

Rev. Stephen Hubbell, 1872. Present residence of Henry L. Ives.

Rev. Joseph Brewster, 1856. Rebuilt in 1880. Present residence of William Brewster.

Rev. Robert C. Bell, 1899. A mountain cottage.

Native born :

Rev. George A. Dickerman, Rev. George S. Dickerman, D.D., Rev. Frederick Francis, Rev. William E. Todd, D.D., Rev. George Goodyear, M.A., graduate of Yale 1824, died 1844; Rev. Jason Atwater, B.A., graduate of Yale 1825, died 1860.

May we not construe inherent meditation filled the air of this guarded retreat of the mountain?

In the profession of medicine, we can quote but one, native born, Edwin Swift, M.D.

In law, two—Dennis Tuttle, Francis Ives.

It is difficult to write of Mount Carmel as seen to-day. Like a panorama, the scene is constantly changing. Within the lifetime of those now living, manufactories have been built, increased with great rapidity and shortly removed to continue enlarged operations in the nearby city. The Rubber Co., which first located here, also the refining of barytes, and the manufacture of wagon springs, the first boys' school to adopt the military uniform and drill, all the above have passed out of Mount Carmel.

Another now flourishing institution is the Children's Home, occupying the former residence of James Ives, which he remodeled into a dwelling from what was built and called the Young Ladies' Seminary, conducted by Miss Elizabeth Dickerman and sister; where a few boys, the writer being one of them, were in-



Photographed by B. H. Schenck.

BUILT BY ELAM IVES.



CHILDREN'S HOME AT MT. CARMEL.

Former Home of James Ives.

structed in the sciences. Few in those classes now live and know the earlier history of the place. 'Tis not for those living that these reveries are conceived, but, rather, that those who come after may gain some recollections of former days.

James H. Webb, Esquire, who, among other legal honors, was delegate from Hamden to the State Convention in Hartford in 1902 for remodeling the Constitution, has delivered this discriminating tribute to the farm:

"Mr. Chairman: We should appreciate the farm if only as a means of rescuing our boys from the eternal drudgery of an office or counting room, or from the possible slavery of becoming mere adding machines, or quill-drivers in the clerical department of some great Corporation."

Let the boys of the future ponder on this sentiment and compare with it the life of the boy on the farm, of the past. There was a time, no more remote than the days of the boyhood of our fathers, when the streak of light that ushered in the new-born day found the farmer boy astir, among the oxen and cows, which were foddered before daylight in winter, to be ready when day dawned to yoke to the sled, and when the snow squeaked beneath the maple runners in the frosty morn, a load of logs was hurried on for the city market. Darkness often closed when the team again foddered in the barn, and a hearty supper was eaten before the fire of blazing logs.

Quoting from Hamden Centenary:

"James Ives, one of the earliest settlers on his farm which lay just within the bounds of the Parish, and near the present manufactory of W. Woodruff & Sons, said to his son Elam, who called in early morn to see him in his last sickness,—'The sun has got up before me this morning, which it has not done before in twenty years.'"

Think of such a record to look back upon! No steam gongs or factory bells awoke the stillness of those early days. The boys here grew to know nature's laws, and they went forth to conquer. After the forests were subdued, such men conquered the forces of steam, of mechanics, of electricity. Men from the farm became the greatest Presidents of the Republic, and the most able generals. Are there not still forces on the farm to be subdued, worthy of the intelligence of the rising generation?

Close by the historic farm of James Ives, now the property of William Brewster, Esq., in the brick hall built by James Ives, a descendant of later fame, literary entertainments of considerable originality have been acquitted with credit to all participants, and netted considerable amounts for the benefit of the Mount Carmel Library, and for the Village Improvement Association.



Photographed by B. H. Schenck.

JAMES IVES FARM.

Later Known as "The Squire Todd Place."

COLONIAL FAMILY RECORDS.

THE BRADLEY FAMILY.

EXTREME difficulty is found in getting correct dates of the time first settlers made their home in Mount Carmel.

Mrs. M. F. Loonsbury, of Bethany, Conn., has furnished data referring to the Bradley family, who first formed extensive settlements in the extreme north part of New Haven Colony. Better ideas prevail to think of all as a part of New Haven. Thus, to begin the building of a new homestead by a resident of New Haven, within the township, was only a short step from the parental roof. The departure of Daniel Bradley from numerous relatives in 1730, a distance of ten miles, may have been a very commonplace incident. Daniel's ancestry includes William Bradley, who came from England with the founders of the colony in 1637, and was a captain in Cromwell's army.

The location of the homestead of Daniel Bradley was on the farm later owned by Lambert Dickerman. About five hundred feet east of the present homestead, the original Farmington road passed through that farm, passing the house of Daniel Bradley, and continuing to the Cheshire line near the present home of Thomas Hull.

The line from Daniel was continued through his son Joel to Amasa, the father of Sterling and Horace. Here the male line of descent is broken, as no sons were born to either of the last named. None now live to relate historic tales of adventure which might have befallen these pioneers. The name of Daniel Bradley appears as a leading man in whatever incidents of church and state interested the people. He died in 1773, having been a member of the church organized in North Haven prior to the obtaining of the charter of the Mount Carmel parish. His name appears as deacon in the Mount Carmel Episcopal Church, and the family influence continued strong through the lives of the Bradley family.

Those who lived prior to 1800 enjoyed colonial life after the manner dictated by pioneer life. Whatever of their works remain show broad and sound ideas prevailed in establishing the future welfare of the people. The dawn of the nineteenth century ushered many innovations on the primitive past. Corporations began to reach out to monopolize freedom of the people, where a limited few could be enriched thereby. Looking back after the lapse of one hundred years we can see but little benefit accruing to the organization of a turnpike company

in 1800, to collect toll for traveling on what had been a free road. After outliving the Turnpike company, we find the highway curtailed from the original width of one hundred feet to sixty-six feet—and that much in 1898 encroached by a trolley track.

Then came a Canal corporation in 1822, following closely after the Turnpike company. By the canal a million dollars were lost to investors, and many homes destroyed.

The Turnpike company proved less disastrous, financially, under the powerful management of Sterling Bradley, who enriched the corporation owning the toll gate.

By receiving three thousand dollars from the newly incorporated Railroad company in 1846, to use the turnpike for a roadbed, life and property were jeopardized by those who traveled the highway during a period of thirty years. The will of the people at last prevailed; the charter of the Turnpike company was revoked, and later by a payment of fourteen thousand dollars to the Railroad company in 1880, they were induced to remove their roadbed to a new location.

Those who live in the beginning of the twentieth century see something of a return in freedom to colonial days. We can drive wherever we will without the sixpence for the toll gatherer; we do not suffer the dread of being run down on the street by a lightning express train. The trolley serves rather than detracts from country pleasures. Stone roads furnish admirable ways for the wheel, and the monarch of the automobile alone gleams as a future rival and danger to be met by the horsemen.

The Bradley homesteads still stand, an ornament to the town, and the estate of Sterling Bradley was one of the largest gathered in the parish. Some of his works endure in well conceived utility, and his late residence, built by his father, Amasa Bradley, has within it a ground-work as perpetual as the underlying rocks of the valley.

The following is contributed to the compilers of "Dickerman Ancestry," by Dr. William Bradley, of Evanston, Ill., being a paper prepared by his father, Dr. Samuel B. Bradley, of Greece, N. Y., whose residence here in Mount Carmel in 1800 is graphically told:

"According to family tradition, we are descended from William Bradley, an officer of Cromwell's army, who came to Connecticut about 1650, and was the first settler of the town of North Haven. His son was Abraham, a deacon in the church of New Haven. His son was Daniel Bradley the first. The next in succession was Daniel Bradley the second, commonly called "Deacon Daniel," my great-grandfather. He had five sons; Daniel, the eldest, was deacon in the church in Hamden (Mount Carmel Parish) and lived to be ninety-three years old. William, the second son, died in Lanesboro, Mass., December 18th, 1809, aged seventy-nine; Jabez, the third son, died in Hamden; Jesse, the fourth son, died in Lee, Mass., very aged; Joel, the youngest, was my grandfather. . . . When I was between three and four, we went to

Connecticut to live with our grandparents; I in Hamden with Grandfather Bradley, and Mary Ann in Cheshire with Beach.

"Of my residence in Hamden, my recollections are vivid; I was not seven years old." ("This home, the 'Joel Bradley place,' was at the north end of the town, on a road going west from the turnpike, the property owned by the late Mr. James Leek. A modern house now occupies the ground, but a few years ago an ancient homestead was standing, in good preservation—a fine, old lean-to-back house, some fifty or more feet from the street, with grand elms shading the front yard, and looking squarely toward the southern sun. It was, perhaps, the best specimen of an old-time farmhouse in the whole town.")—Note from Dickerman Ancestry.)

"Near by lived Amos and Asa Bradley, cousins of my grandfather, with numerous families. In another direction was my great-uncle, Daniel Bradley, and his son, Deacon Aaron Bradley, with his children, David and Patty. To the south were my aunts Dickerman and Kimberly, and my uncles Amasa and Elam with their numerous families, my cousins; and over the river, under the mountain, lived uncle Jesse Tuttle, half-brother of my Grandmother Bradley, and his pretty daughter, Lucy, who was drowned in the river March 26th, 1807, aged twelve years.

"I learned my letters of 'Parson Ives' out of his prayer-book. He lived in Cheshire and served the church in Hamden, and used frequently to call at my grandfather's who was an Episcopalian. My grandmother was a Congregationalist. Her minister was Rev. Asa Lyman, whom I well recollect. Col. Samuel Bellamy kept tavern and store at the Center, and lived in great style."

(Note by present writer: The Bellamy Tavern stood just north of the first church, and remained standing until about 1880. It was demolished when J. E. Andrews and C. A. Burleigh built the feed store occupying the land where formerly stood the Bellamy Tavern. The store was doubtless at the "Steps," the place now occupied by H. B. Tuttle. The following story is told as having occurred at this tavern: In 1800 Dr. Jones was a boarder at the Bellamy Tavern. Arriving one night late to dinner, a party of merry-makers had eaten the repast. Dr. Jones perpetrated the following:

"Curse those owls
Who ate these fowls,
And left the bones
For Doctor Jones."

The oldest burial in the north cemetery is that of Samuel Bellamy, 1760, aged 40 years.)

Dr. Samuel Bradley resumes: "Here I first went to school. Kitty Monson was my first teacher; afterwards, Mr. Blakesley, whom I saw on a visit more than forty years after. My school companions were Mary, Joseph and Amos Hough, Sukey Deering, David and Patty Bradley, Asa Bradley and his sisters; Lucy Tuttle, Enos Brooks, my cousins Horace and Sterling Bradley, L. Monson. During my attendance at school, the turnpike was completed. Previously to that I had never seen a four-wheeled carriage. The people went to market with ox carts and to meeting with one-horse chaises, or on horseback with one on the pillion.

"My grandfather (Joel Bradley) was a driving business man. He died in 1801, and I then lived with my grandmother. She died in 1828, aged eighty-eight, outliving three of her sons, Amasa, Seymour, and my father, and two of her daughters, Phoebe and Mary."



HOME OF DAVID BRADLEY, THE "PREACHER."

Photographed by Mary Tuttle Allen.



Photographed by R. E. O'Brien. HOME OF HOWARD BRADLEY.



Photographed by H. B. Welch. THE "JOEL BRADLEY PLACE."



Photographed by R. E. O'Brien. STERLING BRADLEY HOMESTEAD.

Following the above letter in "Dickerman Ancestry," the editor says: "Dr. Samuel Bradley studied medicine and was a practicing physician at Greece, N. Y. He was a man of scientific and literary tastes and widely known for his attainments."

Now living (1903) in the immediate vicinity of the families mentioned in the foregoing letter, occupying the home of her father, Jotham Bradley, lives Mrs. Adaline Bradley Peck, widow of Burton Peck. Her age is seventy-eight years, with a remarkably well-stored memory of events which transpired in earlier days. She relates to me that her husband's grandmother was Mrs. Lois Peck, who died in 1852 at the age of one hundred years and eight months. This gives her birth as 1752, which was soon after there is any record of the first settler in Mount Carmel, and five years before the Society received a colonial charter and name. Mrs. Adaline Bradley Peck thus brings two persons' lives to bridge the whole time of the settlement of Mount Carmel, more than one hundred and fifty years. She relates how Mrs. Lois Peck and her husband, Amos Peck, rode every Sunday on horseback to church in New Haven, attending "North," or now, the United Church. In those days she picked whortle, or huckleberries, on the Green, where the bushes grew on their native heath. Amos and Lois Peck often took their children with them on a pillion.

My above mentioned informant also relates that Seymour Bradley carried on the distilling of spirits at the now ruined mill-site near there, and that after his decease his widow conducted the business many years. She is still remembered as "Aunt Livy" (Olive). These events were fully seventy years ago.

Among ancient documents in the possession of Mrs. Adaline Bradley Peck is the following deed executed in the first year of the reign of George the Third, and it must therefore be one of the earliest records of transfers of land in the colonial days of the Parish of Mount Carmel, which was then in the fourth year of its existence:

"To all People to whom these Presents shall come, GREETING:

"KNOW YE, That I, Jonathan Dickerman, of New-Haven, in the County of New-Haven, in the Colony of Connecticut, For the Consideration of Twelve Shillings Lawfull money, received to my full Satisfaction of Amos Bradley and Mary Dickerman of said New-Haven, do give, grant, bargain, sell, and confirm unto the said Amos Bradley and Mary Dickerman,—one certain small piece of Land in Mount Carmel in T. New Haven, being 42 feet North and South & 12 feet east and west, Bounded east on highway, South on Land of the heirs of Sam'l Bellamy Dec'd, North and West on my land.

"To Have and to Hold the above granted and bargained Premises, with the Appurtenances thereof, unto them the said Grantees, their Heirs and Assigns, for ever, to their own proper Use and Behoof. And Also, I, the said Jonathan Dickerman, do, for myself, my Heirs, Executors and Administrators, covenant with the said Grantees, their Heirs, and Assigns; that at and until the Ensealing of these Presents I am well

seized of the Premises, as a good indefeasible Estate in Fee-simple; and have good right to bargain and sell the same, in Manner and Form as is above written; and that the same is free of all Encumbrances whatsoever. AND FURTHERMORE, I the said Jonathan Dickerman do, by these Presents, Bind myself & Heirs for ever, to warrant and defend the above granted and bargained Premises, the said Grantees, their Heirs and Assigns, against all Claims and Demands whatsoever. IN WITNESS whereof, I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal, the 26 Day of October in the first Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord GEORGE the Third of Great-Britain, &c. King: Annoque Domini, 1761. JONATHAN DICKERMAN.

"Signed, sealed and delivered in Presence of Phinehas Strong, Sam'l Bishop, Jun'r.

"New-Haven County, ss. New Haven, Oct. 27th, 1761.

"Personally appeared Jonathan Dickerman, Signer and Sealer of the foregoing Instrument, and acknowledged the same to be his free Act and Deed, before me

"DAN'L LYMAN, Justice of Peace."

Among a large lot of land deeds and other papers preserved by Mrs. A. Bradley Peck are deeds of land to her grandfather, Amos Bradley, in 1733, from the owners of land who had received their titles in the "original distribution" or "layout as it appears on record." It is worthy of note here that these tracts of land were bought from the original grantees in small parcels, not often exceeding twenty acres and frequently much less. The purpose in the original distribution of the colony appears in giving many persons small shares. The large holdings acquired by Amos Bradley and others of that day are shown by the records to have been acquired by purchase. These early "deeds" also refer to the "Fifth Division," the lands of the colony having been distributed as ordered by the "General Court" after having been duly and accurately surveyed up to the ninth and last Division in or about 1765.

STATEMENT BY JEROME L. DICKERMAN.

THE house and farm occupied by the late Lambert Dickerman and his father, Levi Dickerman, was earlier the farm of Deacon Daniel Bradley. His first house was some distance to the rear of the present home, and the first blazed path on the trees passed the original house. The layout for the colonial six-rod highway to the Cheshire line followed this blazed path and continued on through a now abandoned highway, passing the home of Thomas Hull one-half mile east of the layout of the Cheshire turnpike. David Bradley, the "Preacher," was born and reared on this early home of Deacon Daniel, and went from thence to his new home built by his father, Aaron Bradley, on the turnpike road in 1815. This house is still one of the best preserved on the road, and was lately in possession of, and sold by, Charles Allen.

THE CHATTERTON FAMILY.

MOUNT Carmel has a section embracing scarcely more than a school district, known as West Woods, a term once held as a reproach on that landscape may yet become its chief charm. When the approach was made only on horse-back over the "Steps," near the mill and trading post, young Dunbar, from New Haven, penetrated this remote part of the colony and staked his claim. That he came in advance of surveyors is in evidence, and that nothing apparently hindered his choice. The running brook, always first sought, here spread through a fertile valley surrounded by mountains. Fruitful peach orchards and strawberries now growing there show the location well chosen, but many generations by families of different names have occupied it since the days of Dunbar. His family is lost; none here bear that name.

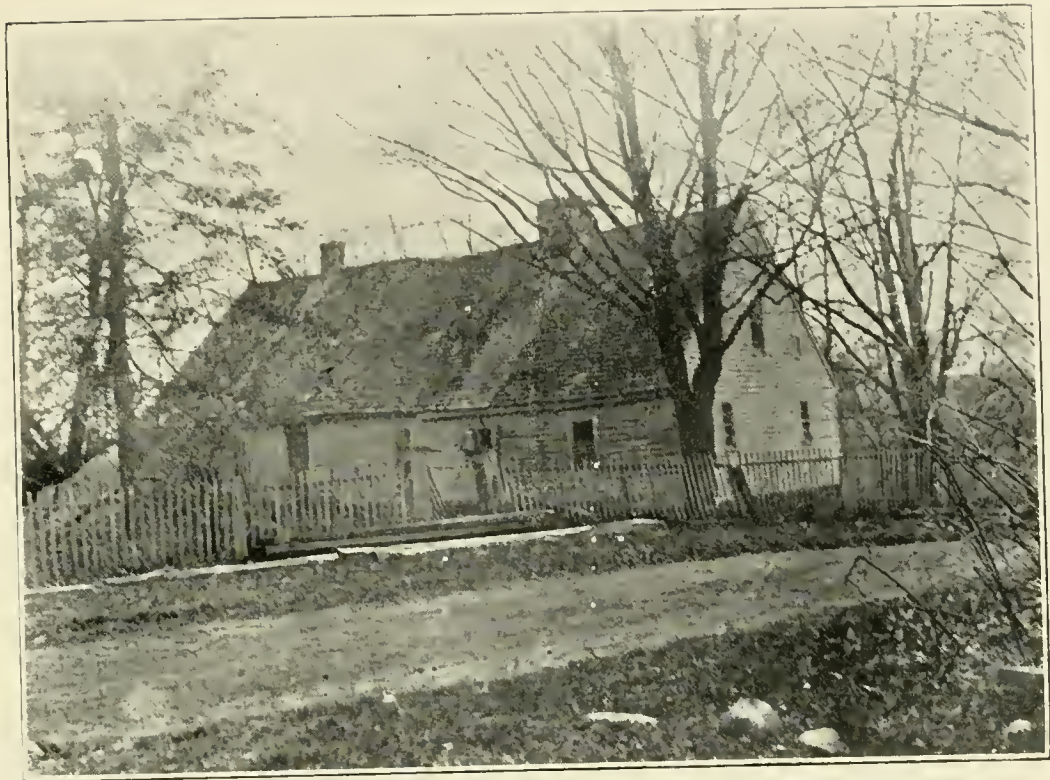
Well preserved is the Chatterton home,—a name once of fame in Mount Carmel, long since ceased. Chatterton owned the grist mill at the "Steps." The last Chatterton remembered was Deborah, who married Preston, but long lived a widow. Eccentric, she lived alone, mowed her grass, and it was said if wet days interfered in drying hay, she carried it into the house to dry before the kitchen fire. Frank Warner succeeds to ownership, and well preserves the house



HOMESTEAD OF DEBORAH CHATTERTON PRESTON.

Photographed by R. E. O'Brien.

Built in about 1775.

*Photographed by R. E. O'Brien.*

CHATTERTON HOMESTEAD.

built more than one hundred and twenty-five years ago. One-fourth of a mile west of the home of Frank Warner, now stands the house formerly the home of Horace Doolittle, at present owned by John Rourke, but unoccupied. The place is said to have been built by the Chatterton family, and is one hundred and forty-five years old. A characteristic feature of age is the stone topped chimney, and small window panes.

The charm of woodlands is best appreciated after the home lover, who is born and reared among trees, lives for a period on a treeless waste, where the far away sky dips to meet the soil. Nothing in the interval catches the eye save perhaps a settler's cabin, or, if a railroad has been built, the smoke of a passing train crawls across the prairie. A single summer sufficed the youthful desire to "go west." By the return to New England, woods have become a perpetual charm.

THE PECK FAMILY.

THE following is contributed by Mrs. Alice M. Peck, the wife of Friend Joseph Peck. Mrs. Peck is a graduate of the Emma Willard Seminary in Troy, N. Y.

"The house now owned and occupied by Friend Joseph Peck was built in the year 1794 by Joseph Peck, who was grandfather of the present owner. Joseph Peck was the son of Amos Peck, who was one of the founders of the North Church in New Haven. Later, he moved to Mount Carmel and was one of the first deacons in the Mount Carmel Congregational Church, holding that office from 1768 to 1783. Amos Peck was the grandson of Henry Peck, who settled in New Haven in 1638. He emigrated to this country with Governor Eaton and Reverend John Davenport in the ship Hector in 1637.

"The farm now owned by Friend J. Peck has been in the Peck family one hundred and fifty years, descending from father to son. The house occupied by Amos Peck, and later by Joseph Peck, was on the opposite side of the street, and a few rods north of the present dwelling. The nails used in building this house were all made by Joseph Peck."

This statement, brief though it is, conveys possibilities of long lives spent here in devotion to family trusts. The man who hammered out nails on his anvil



HOME OF FRIEND JOSEPH PECK.

Built in 1794.

and made, as tradition says did Amos Peck, needles for his wife with which to make their home-woven cloth into garments to clothe the family, and then weekly take a horseback ride of nine miles to attend church on the New Haven Green, shows the mould of men who carved out homes in the wilderness. Of the long line of incidents which must have fallen to the lot of Mrs. Lois Peck, who was twenty-four years old at the Declaration of Independence, and who lived to the age of one hundred years in 1852, a whole volume should be filled with her memoirs. Nothing can be gleaned from this eventful life beyond what has been already given.



Photographed by H. B. Welch.

HENRY PECK HOUSE.

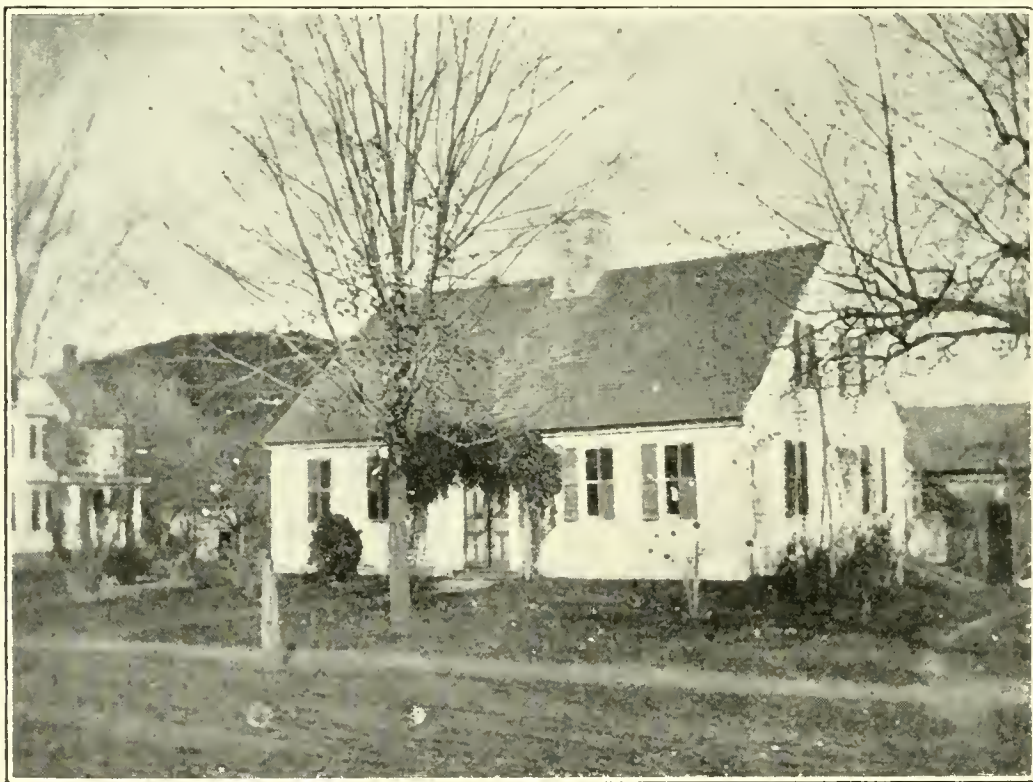
The Henry Peck home in 1826 was previously owned by Joseph Hough and the premises occupied for a tannery. The barn was remodeled from the tannery and used for a workshop to make and repair shoes. Ives Andrews here learned the trade from Henry Peck, and with Albert Hitchcock made more than seven hundred pair of shoes in one year. This was before 1840.

Henry Peck had the reputation of being first-class with the rifle. Custom then patronized turkey shoots. With his twenty-pound rifle Henry Peck was sure to win his birds at forty rods. The writer has often handled the gun, which until recent date was in possession of the family. The house now stands the same in outline as when built, and has been in continued occupation more than one hundred years. It is now owned by Thomas Bristol.

HISTORICAL NOTES

FURNISHED BY MRS. WILLARD MATTHEWS

THE Miller homestead, which has been standing for more than a hundred years, has been in possession of the family for the past fifty-five years. The house was built on land now the bed of the old Canal, and occupied a site beautiful in situation, sheltered from north and west winds by the overhanging cliff forming the historic "Steps." Two more houses were built in the same location, but it is believed the Miller homestead was first built—soon after, or during, the war of the Revolution. Its history is older than the past century. North of it was built a house by Orrin Todd, and south a house now the home of Harmon Wakefield. The latter house was moved to its present site and rebuilt in its present form by Butler Sackett. He also owned the Miller home and by him it was sold to Rev. Stephen Hubbell in 1834, in whose possession it remained as a parsonage until its purchase by Chauncey Miller in 1848.



THE MILLER HOMESTEAD.

Photographed by Mrs. Willard Matthews.

Mr. Miller, who was formerly a resident of Woodbridge, Conn., brought from there (and which is still in the cellar of the home as a relic) a pork barrel made by Earl Sperry to hold the family supply of home made pork. It was the custom of Chauncey Miller to raise the largest hog in town, often tipping the scale at over six hundred pounds. Mr. Miller had the record of being the first man who ground carriage springs in the factory of Charles Brockett, which, it is thought, may have been the oldest industry of the kind in America.



A MOUNT CARMEL SCENE.

A Sleeping Giant! lying there in state,
His head is pillowed on a running stream,
Which laves his temples, while night's shadows wait,
But noon still finds him in his quiet dream.



Photographed by H. B. Welch.

JARED IVES PLACE.

Now owned by Burton T. Jones.

[One of the latest descendants of this family, Chauncey Ives, son of Jared, died in New York City in 1901, shortly after his return from Italy, where he had spent a long life devoted to the art of sculpture.]



Photographed by H. B. Welch.

BASSETT HOMESTEAD.

[Home of Hezekiah Bassett, 1786. A family distinguished in English history and in the early history of New Haven Colony. Descended from William Bassett, 1649. See Hamden Centenary History.]

MUNSON AND KIMBERLY FAMILIES.

AMONG the dim traditions of Colonial life in Mount Carmel gleams that of a slave owner, Munson. His plantation was extensive. It appears that one or more grist mills yielded to him their revenues, and he exported to the West Indies their products of home-made gin and kiln-dried corn meal. To show the extent of his business, it is said that a single purchase of seven thousand bushels of grain was entered in his books, and also a record of sales of his slaves. Unfortunately these books have disappeared. It is said that they were in an old desk which was sold at auction, and the old mansion has been destroyed.

This business was not conducted wholly by one individual, there being apparently a partner by the name of Chapman who dwelt in the city.

It is possible that the first mill-dam and grist mill at the "Steps" was built by this firm. It has been impossible thus far, to discover who actually built the first dam here; by whom the construction work was done remains to be unraveled by future historians in search of antiquarian lore. The name of Jacob Hotchkiss appears in the Proprietors' Records as a lessee of lands in this vicinity in 1733, but nothing is said there about the mill. Later, Chatterton, Hunt and Wyles each individually came into possession of the grist mill at the Steps before it was owned by Roderick Kimberly, but none of these was the builder of the first dam. Thus easily are the original settlers lost sight of.

The Fulling Mill was run by Ezra Kimberly, who afterward went to Springfield; later, George Kimberly ran the mill.

The Kimberly family has filled a prominent place in Mount Carmel as proprietors of grist mill and grocery store from 1840 to 1890. Business with them was a financial success and the accumulated earnings accrued to a small fortune in their day. Burton Kimberly was an early pioneer in the gold fields of California. During his life in Mount Carmel, in company with his father, Roderick, and brother Hobart, they bought a cargo of coarse salt shipped to New Haven and thence freighted by steam road to their grist mill, where they ground it and, put in small bags for family use, reshipped it to the city. Trade at their store (now the Mt. Carmel Centre post office) was always prosperous. The last of their line, Hobart, left an estate of considerable value which was adjudged by Probate Court should be divided among thirty-three heirs.

A large collection of manuscript was found among their assets, and from this the facts for the following curious letter written by a member of the family:

New Haven, Conn.,

Aug. 2, 1775.

My Dear Cousin:

I must tell you of such a ludicrous affair as happened here last week. You know we live eight miles out of the city, near the place called the "Steppes," where the ledges of rock block the road like great steps,—but you know the place. Abigail's mother told me about this affair, and she had it from the girls and I saw them when they came home.

You see Abigail expected her cousin Prudence from Boston, and she had worked hard so as to have more time to visit with Prudence when she came. Abigail is a thrifty body and it would do you good to see the linen she has already spun and woven and has laid away with lavender in a great oaken chest. She had just finished weaving a piece and wanted to finish bleaching it before Prudence came, so she had refused to go to the greatest jollification of the year—the annual picnic at Oyster Point.

Now, as it happened, Prudence arrived by an earlier stage than expected, coming just the day before the picnic. At the picnic they always see so many of the young people who seldom met, and have such good times bathing, clamming, the picnic dinner, and all, that both girls wanted to go, for now that Prudence had come, Abigail would not need to spend more time preparing for her. If only there were some way for them to go. But how? The young men had all made their plans and as the picnic would take place the next day, it was late to ask any of them to make changes.

Suddenly, Abigail said, "I'll tell you what we might do, Prudence. Cousin David would take us I am certain, if I asked him."

"Well," said Prudence, "why not?" For Abigail's tones showed that, in spite of her statement, she felt some doubt upon the subject.

"Because, he is so queer the girls won't go with him. He likes to play practical jokes and don't care how rough they are. Still, he has never been really mean to me, and if you are with me I don't believe he would dare."

Now Prudence, in spite of her name, was fond of anything that promised a spice of adventure, so she speedily overcame Abigail's feeble reluctance, and it was planned to ask Cousin David if he would drive them to the picnic.

David had once or twice asked his fair cousin to accompany him somewhere but had been refused, and it mightily pleased him now to be called upon to act as escort for her and her cousin, though he understood well that he was chosen because no one else was obtainable, and therefore he cherished some resentment.

When he called for them on picnic day, his face, grave as usual, betrayed none of his emotions. He had two good horses harnessed up to the long springless wagon, and in lieu of a seat a board was laid across the sides of the wagon box. The three had a quiet time until, having passed through the city, they drove out the Allingtown road,¹ George street being the boundary of the town you know, and the road again lay thro' country, and the south of the road was flanked by open fields of corn ridges. Over this rough ground David deliberately drove his team, though he strove to make it appear that his horses went there of their own accord and that they were for a few minutes unmanageable.

As they jolted over the ridges, the board seat slipped and let the girls into the bottom of the wagon where their fresh white gowns speedily became soiled. When David succeeded in pulling up his refractory steeds, the girls felt that they were

¹Now Congress Ave.

hardly in suitable gala attire. However, they were forced to make the best of a bad matter, and managed to have a pretty good time after they reached Oyster Point. The day there did not improve the appearance of their gowns, and when they started for home the girls begged David to drive around rather than through the center of the town.

David promised to please, and assured them he was sorry they had had such bad luck that day. He drove around the town to the small village of Hotchkissville,¹ then deliberately turned down the wide road² that leads back to town. Now, David knew most of the residents here, so met many of his acquaintances and stopped to chat with each one, taking pains always to explain that the girls were anxious to not meet many persons because of their bedraggled appearance.

To say that the girls chafed under this treatment would be to put it mildly, but being convinced that remonstrance would be unavailing, kept silence. At length they were once more on the Farmington road and again in the country, to the relief of the girls.

Perhaps you will remember that about half way out from the city is a tavern which all our people patronize pretty well when driving over the roads. Here David bethought himself to stop and procure a refreshing draught, for the many times recounting of the incidents of the day had parched his throat. He carefully tied his horses (for David was wary), and entered the house of refreshment.

After his departure, Prudence broke the long silence by exclaiming, "Now, Abigail, we're rid of him, we'll let him stay here or get home as best he can."

"But suppose he sees us start off," remonstrated Abigail.

"Oh, if he once gets to talking and drinking in there, he'll not notice what we do."

Alas! for their plan, Prudence understood men in general better than she did this particular individual.

Abigail untied the team and they started, but David was drinking with one eye out of the window and saw the action. Hastily dropping the half drained glass, he gave chase and being quick of foot came alongside the horses before they were fairly in motion. With a bound, he landed on the back of one of the horses and taking off his hat he waved it wildly in the air and cheered lustily.

If the girls had been chagrined before, now their mortification knew no bounds. Abigail buried her face in her hands and wept, while Prudence, sitting painfully erect, meditated all manner of vengeance upon David.

Thus they were forced to finish the ride home, David urging the team with a whoop and cheer whenever there was a chance of their being seen or heard. Upon reaching home, and before they could get a chance to speak, he said gravely, "Now, girls, I've taken you this time, but you needn't ever ask me to go anywhere with you again."

This has taken so much space in the telling, that I must shorten the rest of my communication.

* * * * *

Your most affectionate cousin,

MARY ANN.

¹Now Westville.

²Now Whalley Ave.



Photographed by B. H. Schenck.

THE JESSE TUTTLE PLACE.

[This place, long the home of Emily Tuttle Cook, recently deceased, was purchased from the Indians and has always since been in the Tuttle family. On these grounds was held the first Tuttle picnic, or re-union in the United States.]

THE TUTTLE FAMILY.

The following account of Ambrose Tuttle, with extracts from records left by him, is contributed by his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Katherine Bassett, who has in her possession many interesting documents relating to that period.

AMONG the very earliest families to settle in Mount Carmel, we find the name of Tuttle. This branch, like the other members of the same family in the United States, are descendants of the brothers John and William Tuttle, who came to this country in the vessel "The Planter" in 1635. The ancestral line of the family has been traced to Alfred the Great and Charlemagne. William Tuttle figured in court as an advocate during his early residence in this country, and many of his posterity have followed legal practice as a profession.

Early in the eighteenth century we find records of the residence in Mount Carmel of Nathaniel Tuttle, who was born in 1714, and it is stated that he had eight children born in Mount Carmel,—the first, Uri, in 1738; Nathaniel (third), in 1742, and the youngest, Jesse, in 1759. This Jesse Tuttle lived north of the mountain, in a house not now standing, near the present farms known as those of Horace and Henry Tuttle, and he died at the age of ninety years. His three sons, Ambrose, Leverett and Jesse, all settled in Mount Carmel and were prominent in town affairs. The story is told that Leverett was of the same political affiliations as his father, but that Ambrose was of the opposite party, so that when weighing them in the balance for a certain town office, the father remarked that "both of 'em are pretty smart men, but Leverett is a *little* the best qualified." Leverett was representative to the Connecticut legislature and died at the age of ninety-one, then the oldest man in Mount Carmel. His children, Horace, Lewis, Julia, Henry and Dennis, are now of the passing generation, and of Leverett's descendants there are four practitioners of the law, and also among the children of Jesse, who were John, Lucy, Charles, Dwight and Grove, Dwight was graduated from the Yale Law School and admitted to practice in 1867.

Of the oldest brother, Ambrose, born September 17, 1784, much might be said. We give in this volume pictures of himself and of the house which he built in 1829, known in recent years as the home of Deacon George H. Allen. His tax list for 1856 shows he possessed two hundred and fifty-two acres of land. He married Mary Allen, who was born October 4th, 1784, and they had a number of children, whom, as they formed families who have continued to be well known in the town, it may be of interest to enumerate.

Sylvia, born Jan. 2, 1804, married Julius Tuttle January 24, 1825.

Henrietta, born Jan. 4, 1806, married Jared Dickerman, died April 17, 1851.

Allen, born Feb. 17, 1808, married Caroline Tuttle November 29, 1830.
 Amos, born May 25, 1810, married Harriet Bassett of New Haven, Feb. 24, 1840.
 Mary, born Sept. 28, 1816, married Medad Bassett Oct. 13, 1841.

Ambrose Tuttle was Sheriff or Constable of the Town of Hamden from 1806 to 1809, shortly after his majority. He was assessor of the town taxes and was selectman as early as 1819. Ambrose Tuttle was Captain of Seventh Company of the Second Regiment Militia in the War of 1812, his brother Leverett being Lieutenant. Men were detailed from this company for the coast defense of New London, Groton and other places. The muster, which is still in perfect preservation, includes many well-known Mount Carmel names, such as

Andrew Goodyear,
 Seymour Dickerman,
 Whitney Dickerman,
 Aaron Chatterton,
 Josiah Todd,
 Elam Warner,
 Hezekiah Brockett,
 Riley Tuttle,
 Amos Dickerman,

Russel Ives,
 Jesse Cooper,
 Benjamin Peck,
 Ichabod Hitchcock,
 Jesse Doolittle,
 Truman Sanford,
 Ezra Kimberly,
 Austin Bradley,
 Austin Munson.

and many others.

He must have been a rigid disciplinarian, as we find many papers asking relief from fines imposed by him for neglect of military duty.

He was Justice of the Peace from 1830 to 1840, or longer. A book entitled

"The Civil and Executive Officer's Assistant,
 With the powers and duty of Justices of the Peace
 as contained in the laws of the State of Connecticut.
 By John Goodrich, Esq.
 1798."

seems to have constituted his law library. As Justice of the Peace he tried many cases and transacted a large amount of town business. That he was interested in school matters is evidenced by the fact that he was made Clerk of the Mount Carmel Society in 1819, and among his papers are records of North School District of Mount Carmel School Society, in pamphlet form carefully stitched together and dating from 1819 to 1842. From this pamphlet the following is taken:

"At a meeting of the inhabitants of North School District in Mt. Carmel School Society, September 2, 1819, it was voted to move the school-house from where it now stands, to the brow of the hill"—

"Voted to adjourn this meeting to next Thursday evening at Sun one hour high in the afternoon.
 AMBROSE TUTTLE, Clerk."

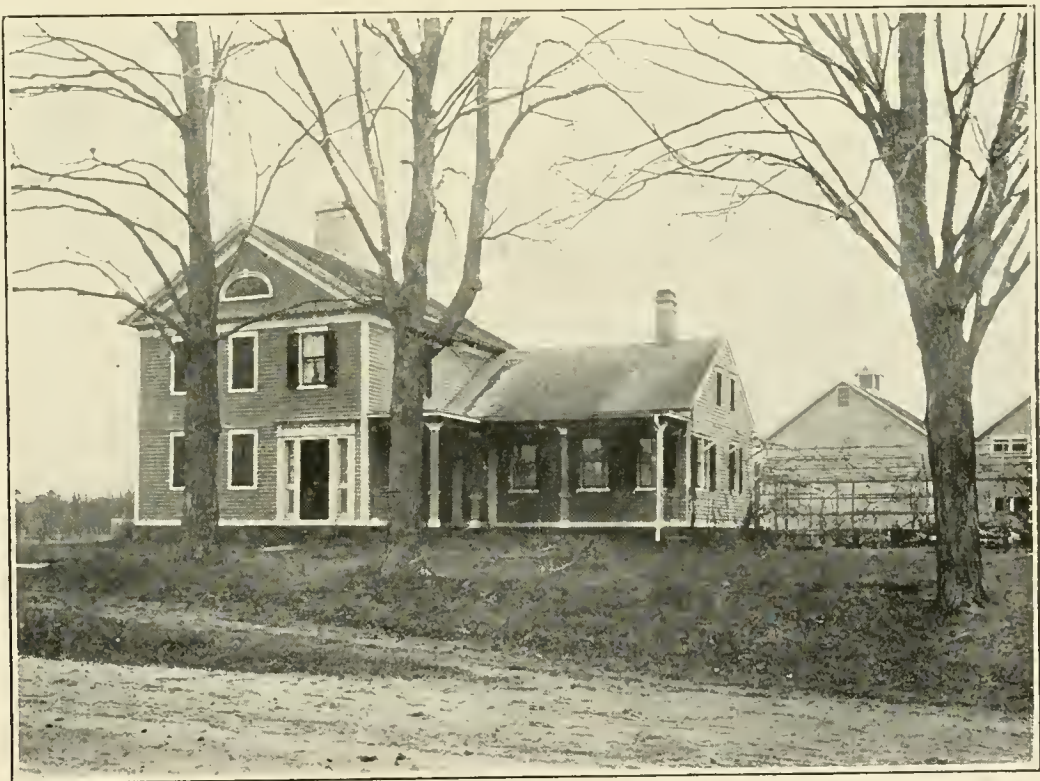


From an old daguerreotype.

Ambrose Little Justin Swan



Photographed by B. H. Schenck. LEVERETT TUTTLE HOMESTEAD.



Photographed by H. B. Welch. BUILT BY AMBROSE TUTTLE.

And the following extract from the same book shows him to have been still clerk twenty-three years later when at a meeting of the North School District held March 31, 1842, at which Ambrose Tuttle was Clerk and Jotham Bradley Committee, it was voted "that the Committee be authorized to hire Julia Tuttle to keep the school if she can be obtained for a sum not exceeding two dollars and fifty cents per week." At a subsequent meeting it was voted "that the Committee be directed to set up school on the best conditions he can," and that "the board be \$1.50 per week."

Among other papers in his desk we find the following memorandum of expenses dated December, 1834, in a case of a man who beat his wife:

For travel to make arrest, 3 miles	\$.15
For arrest15
For travel with prisoner to court, 3 miles75
For serving 7 summons for witnesses by reading63
For travel to gaol with prisoner, 10 miles	2.50
	<hr/>
	\$4.63
Costs for witnesses, &c	\$7.17
	<hr/>
Total	\$11.70

The list of charges in settlement of Estate of Joseph Johnson shows an item for Doctor's attendance of thirty-nine visits at fifty cents a visit, with credit of white cloth at \$1.00 a yard. Also a charge for a whitewood coffin \$4.00, against which a credit is made of 42 cents for the lining.

Among a large number of old deeds there is found a deed of Samuel Atwater, Jr., and Ruth Atwater to Nathan Alling, dated January 29, 1787.

A Bible owned by him, printed in 1811, is in perfect preservation; also, a Columbian Register dated March 15, 1828.

Ambrose Tuttle united with the Congregational Church in 1832, his wife having become a member in 1815. There are papers concerning the church of Mount Carmel, embracing forty-six persons which gathered and organized the 26th of January, 1764. In 1824 he was Treasurer of the Church Society and in 1840 one of the building committee. On a paper dated September 21, 1839, we find his name with others who subscribed money for the purchase of a bell for the church. In one of his annual accounts as treasurer of the church we find this item:

"Cash for wood and candles for singing \$ 1.10"

also—

"Ecc. Society of Mt. Carmel, to Hobart Ives Dr.

"For repairs on Bass Viol and strings for 2 yrs. \$ 1.50"

Reverend S. E. Dwight seems to have received \$8.00 per "Lord's Day" in 1836 for his services as pastor.

After a long life filled with many duties both public and private, Ambrose Tuttle died at the age of eighty-one April 26th, 1865. That he was well qualified to serve his town in a clerical capacity, is attested by the manner in which he kept his papers, which have all been carefully preserved in his own desk, and which are now in the possession of the family of the late Amos A. Tuttle. Among these papers are the many interesting documents already quoted from, and among others is a list of books in the Union Library. These books were bought by subscriptions given by four or more families of Bradley and Tuttle prior to, or near, 1800, and still are preserved in the former home of Horace Bradley, now that of his granddaughter, Mrs. Cornelia Dudley. Good taste is shown in the selection, and as they give an idea of the intellectual status at that time, the list is here given in full.

	Volumes.		Volumes.
Rollins Ancient History	10	Telemachus	1
Modern Voyages & Travels	6	Vicar of Wakefield	1
Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts,	2	Guy's Sermons	1
Spectator	8	Watt's Lyric Poems	1
Gregory's History Church	2	James Lambert	1
Morse's Geography	1	Trumbull's History of Connecticut	1
Ramsay's History	2	Goldsmith's History of England	1
Caroline of Litchfield	2	Beauties of Nature	1
Evelina	2	Female American	1
Boles Voyages	1	Citizen of the World	2
Carver's Travels	1	Bishop Porteous Lectures	1
Elegant Extracts	1	Life of Washington	1
Blair's Sermons	2	Bishop Porteous Sermons	1
Emma Corbett	1	Fowler's Exposition of the Prayer	
Sermons	2	Book	1
		Shades of Plato	1

PIONEERS IN MINNESOTA.

DANGER in pioneer life was exemplified in travel when La Crosse was the north terminal of railroad travel on the Mississippi River. Icebound and covered with snow, teamsters made it their highway for freighting further north. Unmindful of thin ice covered with snow, a driver walking behind his team, without warning they plunged through the ice and, quickly swept away by the current, disappeared. The driver, with miraculous escape from death, plodded on to St. Paul, and entering the "Merchants' Hotel" wrapped in fur coat and carrying his driving whip, asked for accommodation. "Certainly," says the obliging landlord. "Have your team cared for?" "My team is cared for in the Mississippi," was the laconic response.

The city of Minneapolis had then a population of eight thousand, and twelve thousand more were in St. Paul when Jerome Tuttle, now a resident of Mount Carmel, wended his way from thence to look for a home. Purchasing an ox team for two hundred dollars, he pushed his way to St. Cloud and from thence to Painsville, where the first settler, Payne, gave name to the town. Extending his search for miles, Long Lake gave the ideal sought in a prairie home. A clear sheet of water with sandy shore—prairie on the one side and heavy timber opposite—gave to Mr. Tuttle the opportunity sought of which he was not slow to take avail. Happiness and content hovered there during the years following, until the uprising of the Sioux. Indians roved the land at will. The first question often asked of the wife by her husband and father on a return from a trip to town, was, "Have you seen any Indians?" Sometimes a "No" was given, but often the reply was, "Many of them have been here begging for something to eat." The custom in this home was, not to admit Indians inside the house when the husband was away, but to pass whatever was given through the door.

Mr. Tuttle relates that after selection of his claim, he slid off his wagon box and in that formed a camp for wife and children, while he returned to St. Cloud with his oxen for lumber to build his house. The trip of forty miles occupied three to four days, and was frequently made leaving the family alone on the prairie. Characteristic of Indian traits is an incident, not true of this family, but which occurred in some other home. An Indian entered the home where were present only the wife and child. "Give me the pappoose, I give you horse," says the Indian. The mother reflects on the situation, and not wishing to give offense, says, "No. I can't give pappoose for horse,—give pappoose for

boat." "Ugh," says Indian, "too much work to make boat,—me steal horse," who then departs in good humor at his display of Indian wit.

Mr. Tuttle also relates as illustrative of the silent ways of Indians displayed, that they often appeared in the field without their approach having been noticed, and invariably begged for tobacco, not satisfied with denial until they felt his pockets to see if a crumb of the coveted morsel remained.

The sight of, and the smell emanating from, an approaching tribe, invariably caused a stampede of cattle, and when meeting them on trail chaining his oxen to a tree became necessary to prevent them from turning to flee in an opposite direction. Of this peculiar circumstance I have questioned Mr. Tuttle closely, and he affirms that invariably cattle detected an offensive odor from the approach of Indians and from an Indian trail such as were then common where the tribes from the Red River of the north descended to St. Paul with wood carts, each drawn by a single bullock laden with furs. One or two hundred Indians were often encountered on trail, in warm weather without clothing except the waist, the chieftains decorated in their hair with feathers to denote the number of scalps taken. They carried bow and arrow with stone hatchets, but fire-arms were not in general use by them previous to the 'uprising. Conducive to this uprising was the withdrawal of troops hitherto stationed in that region, as the government injudiciously thought they could be better employed in the south. Many of the Sioux captured were in possession of new rifles and ammunition, and it became a much mooted question where they were obtained. Mr. Tuttle describes an affecting scene of his little girl of seven years, who was offered a home in Painsville, where she could attend school, and on the first alarm of Indians, not knowing how it might fare with her father and mother seven miles out on the prairie, she watched anxiously for their appearance, and on their approach in the ox wagon ran joyfully to meet them.

Indolence of Indian life was shown in the squaw drawing a deer fastened on two poles, one end resting on the ground, the other fastened to the waist, while two papposes were strapped on her back. The feeling of repugnance to labor and reluctance to relieve woman of work, caused an Indian to shoot a white man for no other reason than that at the time he was carrying his child in his arms while his wife walked beside him. The Indian was apprehended and executed.

Mr. Tuttle's residence on the frontier commenced in 1856, and six years were passed in acquiring comforts for his family. He lived seven miles from a neighbor, fifteen miles from post-office, and with his ox team drove forty miles to mill. He had erected a log house and enjoyed the comforts of pioneer life, when one day while making hay, he saw a man, without a previous note of warning, running to meet him, worn by fatigue. Mr. Tuttle hastened to meet

the runner to learn his news. "Run for your lives!" was all he could articulate, and then ran back with all possible speed. His flight had been from Painsville, situate on north fork of Crow River, tributary to the Mississippi River. The mail carrier to Painsville had met death at hands of Sioux. Thus news had come of Indians close at hand. Mr. Tuttle's ox team and wagon were ready to receive a load of hay. Hastily starting his team, Mr. Tuttle caught up two families near, and with his own family, he thrust them all on his hay wagon and started a race for life. Goaded by the hay fork, the oxen took a rapid gait. His buildings were burned by Sioux shortly after he left them. Reaching Painsville, all the families there hastened their departure. The following morning saw the town in flames. A dozen families here saved their lives by their rapid flight, which continued to St. Cloud and from thence to St. Paul—a running flight of near two hundred miles. Here they were safe, but suffered a loss of their accumulated labor of six years—fourteen cattle and buildings. One thousand settlers met death at the hands of Sioux. General Sibley, in command of United States troops, checked the on-rush of Indians and took more than one thousand captive. Thirty-nine captives were condemned to die and were executed at Mankato. Scenes of cruelty to the settlers were witnessed too horrible for record. The bodies of the thirty-nine captives executed were not suffered to remain interred in the ground, but were hastily disinterred and sent to medical schools by agents assembled there to secure Indians. A settler accompanied by a boy, hunted down and shot "Little Crow," a big chief of the Sioux, to secure a reward of two thousand dollars.

The families from Mount Carmel who had settled thirty miles south of Mankato, forsook their homes in hasty flight, but after a prolonged absence of six weeks, returned to find that the Sioux had not penetrated the south tier of counties. Although the Sioux had been frequent visitors among these settlers previous to the uprising, they forever after were an enemy not be tolerated within the settled counties of the state.

THE TODD FAMILY.

WHILE the name of Dickerman appears as locating ten or more early homes on the main street in Mount Carmel, and nearly every one disseminated a numerous family, the name of Dickerman does not appear among the early settlers of North Haven, and only three families of that name have since located in that town.

The name of Todd appears as being largely represented in North Haven. Ithamar Todd may have descended from a North Haven family. His name appears as the owner of a farm, lying on the south side of the Blue Hills, and reaching across the valley at the foot of the mountain. It is believed his house was built near a spring, fifty rods south of the house built by Simeon Todd, his grandson, which still stands on the top of the hill. The old house was moved to a location opposite to the new house, and used for a cider mill. It was standing within the memory of the writer and was noted for the heavy beams and timbers used in its construction. Job Todd, a son of Ithamar, built a house and lived where, later, a vineyard was planted and the foundation stones of the house were removed.

The descendants of Simeon Todd held a reunion on the 28th of March, 1900, at the invitation of Reverend William E. Todd, a grandson, who was then sojourning for a time in Mount Carmel, the home of his ancestors. On this occasion the following paper was read:

"Blessings brighten as they take their flight"—so the younger generation, with much research and trouble, probe among records and revive old traditions to find the missing links which would easily have made a perfect chain if a little writing and preservation had been given attention in due time. It seems somewhat contradictory that those people who do things worth recording, do the least to perpetuate their acts by writing; thus, the ancestors of those whom we commemorate were mighty men of valor who were held in high estimation by their neighbors and fellow citizens, while we of the present day write more than we act, and perhaps make our greatest glory in extolling those from whom we are descended. Can we expect our children hereafter will do the like for us?

When we think of Simeon Todd, the father of William Todd, and behold him at the forge making his ox shoes and horse shoes and the nails to fasten them, which are now all made by machine work; then, burning his own charcoal in the dark forest on the top of Carmel, and repelling the bears by fire brands from the burning pit; and again, hauling timber and framing it—not in the balloon fashion of the present day, but by the old scribe rule; building his own buildings and those of his neighbors, and in the meantime working his farm to support his family, whose provisions were grown on the farm and not brought from the

West as is the custom at the present day,—we have in all this a picture of a thoroughly “all-around” man, according to modern phraseology.

And while the father was thus engaged, the girls, Polly and Louise and Angeline, milked the cows and drove them to pasture, and then worked the loom to make so many yards of cloth before noon or night brought the time for getting up the cows, and when tired of the heavy work, for a little respite would steal quietly down the back stairs and crack a few nuts which grew on the tree in the corner,—but woe to the truant when found away from work—the latch-string was pulled outside and no jailer further needed until the allotted task was done.

Orrin was first to leave the home, that he might better acquire the skill of master workman by learning the trade of building houses. His first masterpiece still stands a short distance south of the “Steps,” which at that time was the name given to the locality now known as Mount Carmel Centre Post Office. This house built for his home proved emblematical of New England, for soon after built, the Chartered Canal compelled the moving of the house, and Orrin went West. Orrin had the record of serving his country in the War of 1812, but I think, not in action. His house was all built by hand labor and is now a marvel to look at in its fine mouldings, window sash and settings, when we think his hand did it all. Its present owner is Andrew McKeon.

Lewis and William were young men when Simeon was “called home” at about the age of sixty-five years, in 1834. William, by inheritance and education, became skilled in the various callings of his father, and added a wider scope in an improved and extended homestead, and in taking especial delight with good care of horses. In his early days, to be a horseman was thought an unusual accomplishment, while any boy could drive an ox team. The scale is now reversed. “The early bird that catches the worm” may well apply to the Todd family—particularly so to William. During a long period when he was often with my father in business, William was always first ready for the day’s labor, and it was a standing piece of advice to be ready to start for school with cousins Kirtland and Richie. How pleasant now to think of those days, when running “cross lots” they entered the rear door of the kitchen, pails in hand ready for school, and the old grandmother used to come in by the same path, and sister Mary run to meet her,—and then up to see aunt Harriet, who was especially dear, and whose mince pies were of first quality and a piece always ready for the boys. And lo! there has grown up on the place, a wonderful tree, the like of which has never been seen elsewhere, which sprouted from in front of the door of the mother of Simeon and is a perpetual reminder of those whom we are thinking of. “As the days of a tree shall be the days of my people.”

Fitting it is that a grandson of the same name should honor his ancestors by a sacred calling, and whose voice has been heard in the church where his ancestors worshipped, preaching the gospel of salvation.



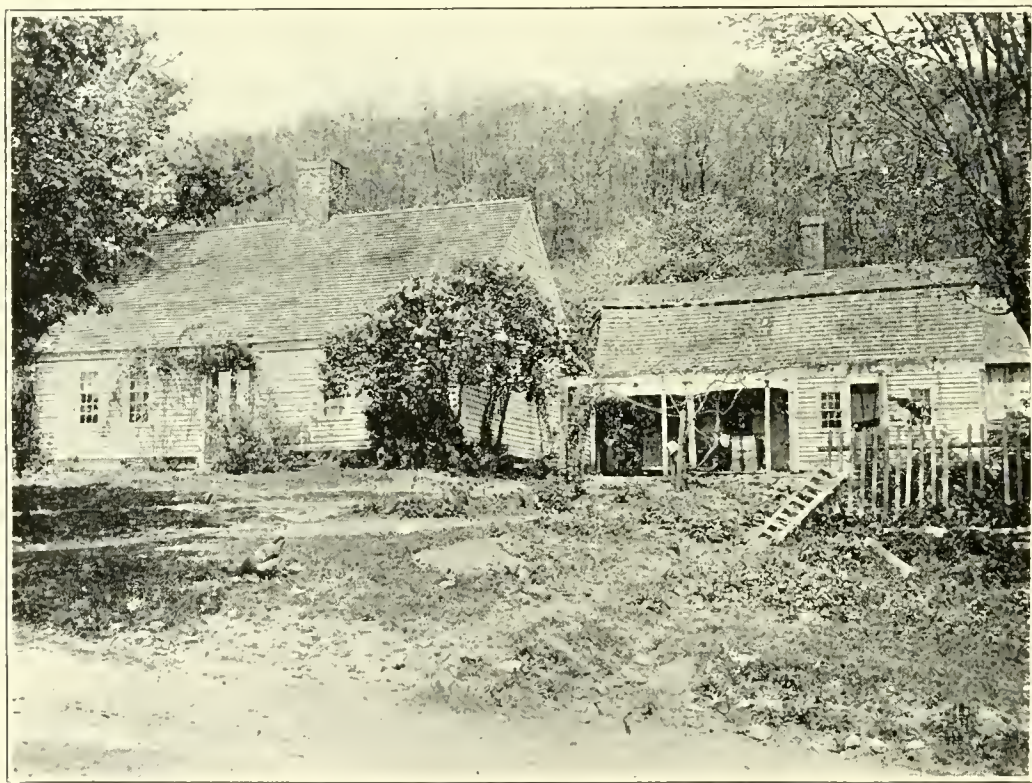
Photographed by H. B. Welch.

THE WONDERFUL MAPLE.

The day of foot-stoves and Sabba-day houses and lunches between sermons has passed, and by many are forgotten, and very soon few will know they ever existed, but memory lives with those who partook of them and enjoyed them and held friendship a sacred thing. The days of apple bees and husking bees and sleighing parties were their days, and William drove a good team, and Polly had rather dance than to eat, and Orrin was always fond of a book,—but what mother will reveal to her children her follies, so what shall I say of Angeline?

But my subject given me is of William, he being a Todd,—and we are all Todds. What is for one belongs to all, and to those who came before must be given the greatest meed of praise. But where memory fails and tradition is in fault, the records are dim. Yet, certain it is that Ithamar Todd's farm was just inside the boundary line when the Mount Carmel Parish was granted the right to build a church by the Colonial Assembly. Hence, Ithamar must have settled some time previous to that date, and perhaps it was he who cleared it from the original forest. After him came Job, and Joel, the father of Simeon. Obed, a brother of Simeon, built the house in the valley from where his daughters Lodema, Caroline and Mary joined with Louise and Angeline in daily walks to school. We know little of Obed, yet he built a water power on the brook south of the house, made wagons and carts, and died at the age of thirty-three.

Were they not all heroes who stood shoulder to shoulder for one another? The wilderness had no terrors for them, or if they were terrors they conquered



Photographed by H. B. Welch. THE SIMEON TODD HOMESTEAD.

them, but had no time to put their deeds on record. 'Twas well that their land titles are preserved, and we find them straight and honest, the amount paid in pounds, shillings and pence, for so many acres and so many rods, instead of, as the records now read—"for one dollar and other valuable considerations," "so much land, more or less."



HOME OF JONATHAN DICKERMAN, SECOND.

Photographed by R. E. O'Brien.

THE DICKERMAN FAMILY.

OBED Todd, a brother of Simeon, built the house still standing in the valley. Obed died at the age of thirty-three years, but at that early age had accomplished more than is the work of many men in a longer life. He constructed a dam across the brook which crosses the highway south of the house, and also built a shop for wood-work opposite the house. Two maple trees as planted by Obed, still stand in front of the house. One-half mile to the west stood the house of the second Jonathan Dickerman, and the fourth Jonathan Dickerman, who married Angeline, a daughter of Simeon Todd, soon after his marriage bought the Obed Todd homestead and in due time it became the home also of the fifth and the sixth John Dickerman. Thus, from the time of erection, this

homestead remained in the same family until the fourth generation, when, from causes incident to the distribution of estates, it passed into alien hands. The profound affection of the family for the home of their forefathers is evidenced in the following poem, which was published in the *Connecticut Quarterly* in 1897:

REVERIE.

A purple hill and a quiet star,
And the thoughts ye bring me from afar
Carry me back to the days of yore,—
My childhood's home with its wide front door,
Its narrow porch and the grassy yard,
The shady maples and meadow sward
Stretching off to the hill on the west,
The setting sun aglow on its crest:
And the northern mount so high and still
Seemed the abode of some holy will
When the wood thrush's note so clear and sweet
Came floating in to my window seat.



HOME OF JONATHAN DICKERMAN FOR THREE GENERATIONS.

Photographed by H. B. Welch.



Photographed by H. B. Welch.

THE NORTHERN MOUNT.

And the dear old house is abiding still
 By the northern mount and the western hill
 Where the sun sinks nightly to his rest
 On his daily round from east to west.
 The whip-poor-will's note and the thrush's song
 Are still to be heard the woods along;—
 But I am a wand'rer far from home,
 No longer my feet o'er meadows roam:
 I walk instead through a city street,
 With hurry and rush my pulses beat.
 Ah, well for me that still there lie
 Somewhere on earth such hills, such sky,
 And in God's own time shall I come once more
 To the hills and the vales that I loved of yore.

CAROLYN E. DICKERMAN.

Waterbury, Connecticut,
 1897.



THE WESTERN HILL.

By Courtesy of The Connecticut Magazine.

THE FLORA.

MRS. Homer Tuttle, also a descendant of Jonathan Dickerman, contributes the following description of the flora of this locality:

"Mount Carmel has long been the Mecca of botanical students and the nature lovers of the city. Neither is it strange it should be so, for here may be found a fair representation of New England's flora. The valley, with its meadows



Photographed by H. B. Welch.

SPRUCE BANK.

and occasional swamps, the mountain with its wooded slopes and moss covered rocks offer opportunity for that which nature has to show us in this clime.

"It would be too tedious and textbook-like to attempt giving a full list of plant life to be found here, even if it were possible, but it may be of general interest to know some of the things that abound, and some rarely found plants that have here made a home for themselves. Undoubtedly there was a time when the foothills and meadows which now lie clear to the north and south of the mountain were nearly, if not quite, covered with timber. Of what varieties these trees were we can form a good idea from those now growing. The beautiful maples and elms that border the highways of the village prove themselves to be natives of long standing, the willows that border Carmel Lake form in spring and summer a golden frame for its silver surface. Across the road from this lake is one of Mount Carmel's beautiful elms, the branches of which overarch the street so that the tips may look into the river below. Then we follow the old road by the river's side where the swamp maple makes it crimson in the spring and fall, first with blossoms and then with foliage, while the alder fills the intervening spaces. This brings us to Spruce Bank, fragrant with the spicy odors of the hemlocks. The walk to this bank is a favorite one with many because of the charming view to the south. So dense is the grove of trees that crowns the summit of the bank that but little in the way of small plant life can be found there excepting the lace marked leaves of the rattle-snake plantain, the Indian pipes and dead looking beechdrops, all of which love the shadows. From here we can look north to the mountain and see its slopes covered with chestnut, hickory, and many varieties of oaks; these interspersed with the dark green of the white pine and cedar make a pleasing picture.

"It is on the mountain that most of our rare wild flowers are found. From the early hepatica and dainty anemone to the pungent odored witch-hazel of November there is always something to repay one for a walk in the woods. Indeed, some flowers have been found every month of the year in sheltered nooks. If they were listed we would find at least five hundred trees, shrubs, herbs and ferns. Trailing arbutus has long been sought on the mountain, but without success, but there are a number of places near where the sweet blossoms may be found.

"Violets are ever the spring flower of poetry and at least seven species and varieties may be found here, among the more rare ones being the bird-foot violet, which has a home on the mountain. Here, too, can occasionally be found the nodding white trillium (*T. cernuum*) in company with the purple birth-root; this latter can be found in abundance growing beside almost all the wooded brooks with its companion, but not its relative, jack-in-the-pulpit.

"In the spring on a certain rocky spot of the Giant may be found a pale purple, or rather blue, clematis (*C. verticillaris*) which closely resembles one of the clematis of our gardens. This wild clematis is rare, indeed this spot on the Giant is the only one within the vicinity where I have heard of its being found, while its more plebeian sister, Virgin's bower, drapes the wayside fences and bushes with its feathery white blooms. Once has it been my good fortune to find the delicate violet wood-sorrel (*Oxalis violacea*); this is not called rare by Gray, but in this location it surely is.

"Among the picturesque flowers of the springtime and growing commonly in the woods, is the fringed polygala, and where one or two of its bright rose red blossoms are found one may be almost sure to find a bed of them. Once on the mountain top, in the very midst of such a bed, I found a number of pure white ones.

"Among the oddities in plant life both the pitcher-plant and sundew may be found in favored localities. Though not closely related they have a few characteristics in common; both are accused of being carnivorous, the pitcher-plant probably unjustly, and in both the leaves furnish the most striking appearance, indeed, no one could fail to know the pitcher-plant if fortunate enough to find it. The sundew is more obscure in its habits and would hardly be recognized without an introduction.

"In this season laurel and pinxter flower make the woods and hillsides one immense bouquet, and tempts one to carry off more than their share of the beauty so freely offered by nature. Thoreau says of Cape Cod that he did not need to go to other places to find different flora—they came there, and one is tempted to think the same of Mount Carmel when they find here such a strictly western flower plant as purple cone-flower (*Echinacea angustifolia*) and queen of the prairie (*Spiraea lobata*) which, though belonging farther east than the purple cone-flower, cannot claim New England for its natural habitat. Most of the ferns native in New England may be found in Mount Carmel, even the walking fern, I have been assured on good authority, has been found here.

"Of orchids we can claim a fair representation of New England's best. It may not be amiss to append a list of those which have been found in Mount Carmel, as I am not aware that anything approaching a complete list has ever been published; a partial one may be found in Baldwin's Orchids of New England, where Hamden may safely be translated Mount Carmel:

"*Orchis spectabilis*, *Habenaria virescens*, *H. viridis* var. *bracteata*, *H. Hookeri*, *H. orbiculata*, *H. lacera*, *H. psycodes*, *Goodyera pubescens*, *Spiranthes cernua*, *S. Gracilis*, *Pogonia pendula*, *P. affinis*, *Calopogon pulchellus*, *Liparis liliifolia*, *L. Loeselii*, *Corallorhiza odontorhiza*, *C. multiflora*, *Cypripedium parviflorum*, *C. pubescens*, *C. spectabile*, *C. acaule*.



Photographed by H. B. Welch.

THE GREAT ELM.



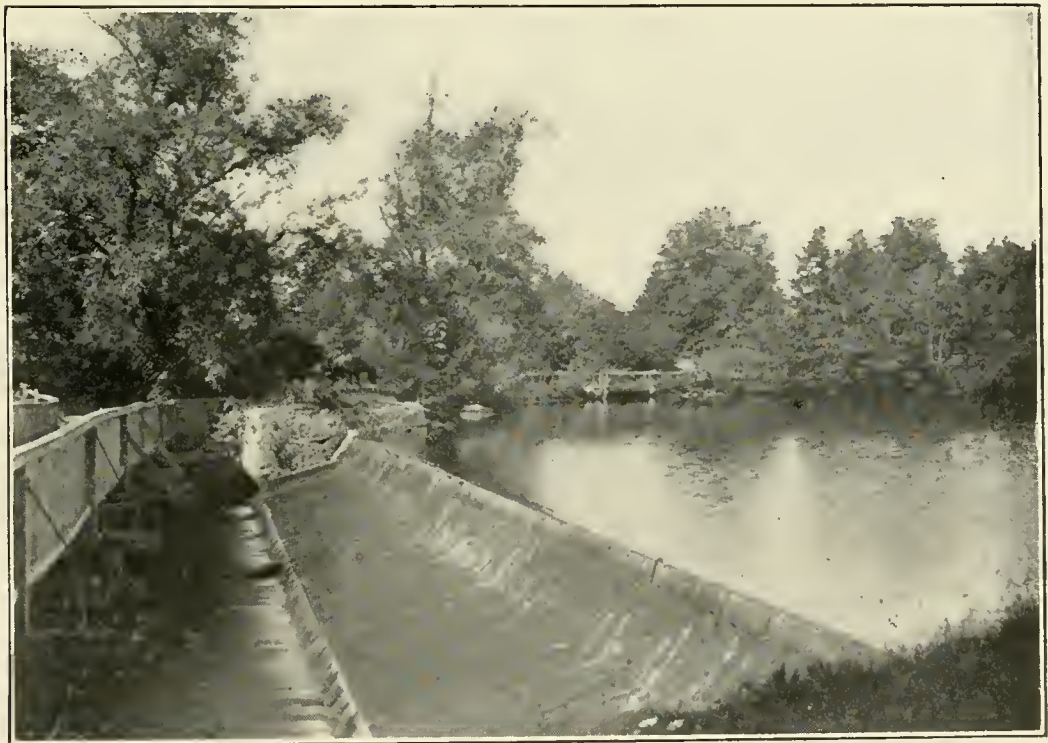
Photographed by H. B. Welch.

THE OLD BRIDGE.



Photographed by M. W. Filley.

LOOKING EAST.



Photographed by M. W. Filley.

LOOKING WEST.

Most of these I have myself found, a few are given on the authority of Mr. Baldwin, probably still others might be added. Most of the orchids are not plentiful, some of the *Habenarias*, the ladies' tresses and the moccasin flower are frequently found.

"It would not be within the scope of this paper to give the time of flowering and place of growth of all the plants found here, but those who truly love nature and wish to learn the flora of any locality must often visit that spot and find for themselves the treasures there stored."

AUGUSTA DICKERMAN TUTTLE.



Photographed by H. B. Welch.

THE NEW BRIDGE.



Photographed by H. B. Welch. THE DOOR-TREE.



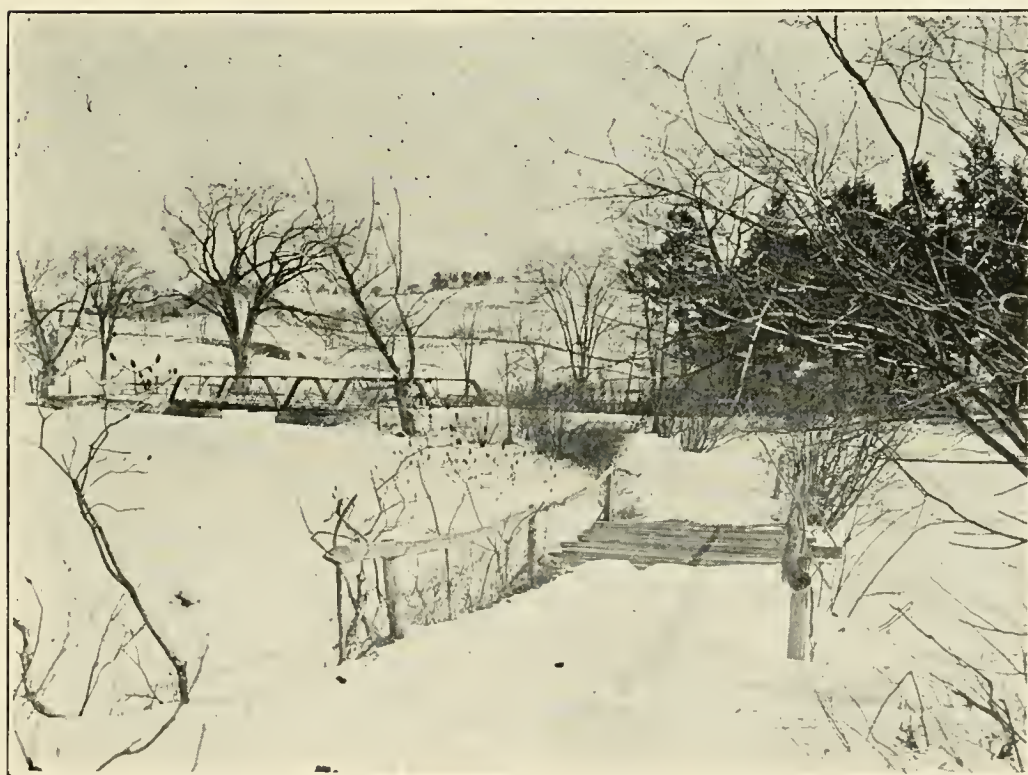
MT. CARMEL IN SUMMER.



Photographed by H. B. Welch. CARMEL LAKE IN SUMMER.



MT. CARMEL IN WINTER.



Photographed by H. B. Welch. CARMEL LAKE IN WINTER.

JAIRUS DICKERMAN.

LEAVING the farm in 1852, my uncle's home in Troy, on Third Street, gave my first entry to city life. The palatial brownstone mansion, marble mantels and tiled hallways were associated with my first approach to learning. The source of my uncle's wealth was just around the corner in the steam marble works. Jairus Dickerman was a pioneer in that industry. Born in 1797, of Mount Carmel ancestry, first son of the third Jonathan Dickerman, he married Phoebe Boynton of West Stockbridge, Mass., bringing thereby connection with the family of Charles Boynton, D.D., pastor of Plymouth Church in Washington, and Chaplain of the House of Representatives in President Johnson's administration. During that time, Dr. Boynton bought a large farm on the eastern shore of Maryland. Here the writer became first acquainted with the family and bought a farm nearby on the Choptank River. In this investment Jairus Dickerman became a partner, and the outcome was the largest vineyard on the eastern shore, including about twenty thousand bearing vines. Sumner Dickerman, son of Jairus, became associated with the writer, and from his account some facts are remembered of an expedition which should and would be famous in history had not their works of art been destroyed by the burning of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C.

Jairus Dickerman capitalized the expedition for John Mix Stanley and Sumner Dickerman to cross the continent and paint pictures of Indian life. Their route was through the then Indian Territory, and the tribes that had then but lately been placed there on government reservations in 1840, Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, Blackfoot and other tribes, were freely mingled with during two years before arriving on the Pacific coast. In this time, two hundred life size Indian portraits were painted by hand on the canvas in the tent or wigwam in the great tract of the Louisiana purchase. Before General Fremont crossed the Rockies, before the war with Mexico, while California was little known as a province of Mexico, these two intrepid youths traversed the continent with pack mules, and emerged with the result of their labor, at the ranch of Captain Sutter. While enjoying here the rest due from so long exposure, Sumner Dickerman was assured by native Indians friendly to the explorers, that they knew of plenty of the yellow pebbles—the white man's gold. As they were in the Sacramento near the spot where gold was discovered six years later, a little confidence in the Indians and an examination would have made these two young men the first discoverers of California's gold, with possibly a different



JAIRUS DICKERMAN.

future in the national outcome to the country. But the Indian tales seemed too incredible to believe, and did not receive even an investigation.

After a lapse of ten years their works of art were framed in costly gilt and placed on exhibition. But Indian scenes were then too much of a reality in vivid memories to draw audience, and after a few exhibitions in New England, were stored in Washington only to be wholly lost. One offer of fifty thousand was rejected, and a value of two hundred thousand dollars named as an equivalent for their labor and worth. If preserved to-day, one-half million, no doubt, would find a ready response.

An historical account of that time, such as their notes would give, has not been preserved, and no person now can give any details relating to the expedition.

ALLEN DICKERMAN HOUSE.

THE Committee appointed by order of the General Court, 1720, to lay out the Ninth Division for entry in Common Field, ran a line north side of the Blue Hills beginning at marked tree near Mill River, and continued eastward to Stoney Brook. This was fifty years before the survey and layout followed by a distribution of land on the Blue Hills. Said "Stony Brook" is supposed to be the brook now flowing through the land of Henry Tuttle and through the Isaac Dickerman farm.

A short distance south is a highway running west from the Blue Hills to where it intersects the Cheshire road. The road was through a narrow vale, crossing Mill River at the southern point of Ridge Hill. Here was the homestead of Isaac Dickerman, 2nd (son of Samuel Dickerman), born September 16, 1740. He received six acres of land on the Blue Hills in the "distribution" in the Ninth Division.

In this homestead of Isaac Dickerman was born Allen Dickerman, January 14, 1781. Allen Dickerman was the seventh child of Isaac Dickerman. His sister, Sybil Dickerman, born August 15, 1783, married Obed Blakeslee, who retained the old homestead and farm. The house remained until about 1850, when it was demolished and a new house built on the place by John Scott. The property is now owned by the New Haven Water Company.

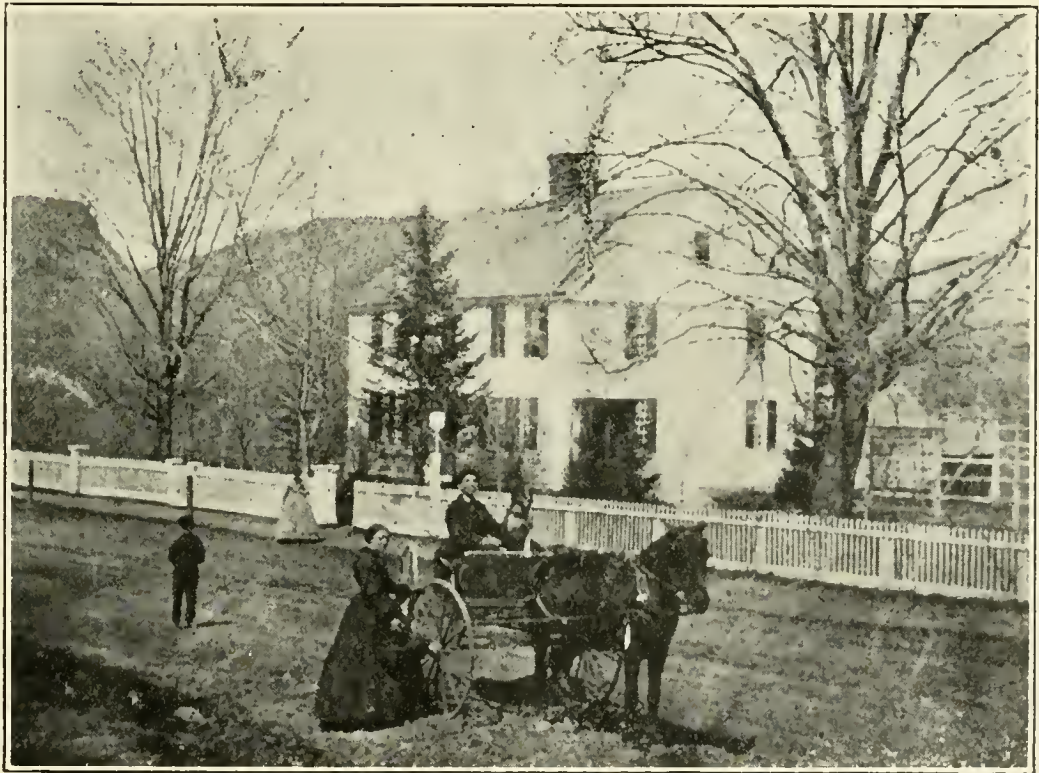
Isaac Dickerman served as Lieutenant under General Wadsworth's Brigade, in the War of the Revolution. Four sons of Isaac Dickerman settled in Mount Holly, Vermont. Three of them married three sisters there by the name of Button.

Obed Blakeslee passed much time in the South in mercantile pursuits, in the sale of goods manufactured in Connecticut. He is well remembered by the writer, who often listened to his tales of Southern adventure when the slaves were their peculiar institution. Obed Blakeslee died about 1850.

Allen Dickerman, when in command of the Eighth Company, Second Regiment of Militia in Connecticut, performed manual of arms on the "green" just north of Mount Carmel Church. After the building of the turnpike road and placing of toll gate south of the "Steps" and in front of house now owned by Andrew McCune and collection of twelve cents for passing a team with load, those who lived south of the toll gate were permitted to pass "toll free" to their wood lots on the Blue Hills or within the town. It thus became the custom for Allen Dickerman and others thus placed, to cart a load of wood through the gate "toll free" to their house, and thence drive the same load to New Haven. The land owner who lived north of the toll gate must pay for the road.



Photographed by B. H. Schenck. THE ALLEN DICKERMAN HOUSE.



THE EZRA DICKERMAN HOMESTEAD.
From a photograph taken about 1860.

OTHERS OF NOTE.

AT a town meeting held in New Haven, Dec. 14, 1747, Isaac Dickerman, moderator, voted: "that the town will give nine pounds money toward the making and finishing a bridge on the road to Cheshire, and that Ralph Lines shall make and maintain a good fence across said bridge so long as the plank on said bridge last for said money."

The peculiar expression of the above resolution, leaves much doubt as to what the payment of nine pounds money was meant to be applied. Was it for the construction of the bridge and fence, or a literal reading would carry the impression, the fence and keeping it in repair? The amount of money must have been a liberal allotment for those days, and would appear sufficient to cover the full cost and repair of the bridge. As we know the Cheshire road of that day was across Shepherd's Plain, Mill River would not be met until the road was within one-half mile of the Cheshire line. The traveled road also left the straight line, followed by the turnpike, laid out in 1800, and made a detour to the east, crossing the Mill River adjacent to the farm later owned by Lambert Dickerman. All other brooks running into Mill River, intersected by the Cheshire road, were easily forded by teams in those days.

Quoting from book of "Dickerman Ancestry," "It appears that Isaac Dickerman was the owner of large tracts of land in this region. These consisted of lots, laid out in the sixth division of sequestered lands. He began to buy these lots from those to whom they were originally assigned, as early as 1727, and continued their purchase until 1745. Toward the end of this period his two older sons, Samuel and Jonathan, were married, and most likely went out about that time, to improve these and make a home there. (The old folks used to say, they blazed their way through the woods by hatchet marks on the trees)." This settlement was on the spot now the property of Charles Clarke, including the land owned by Elam J. Dickerman, and the first house appears to have stood between the houses of the present owners just named. Much interest is associated with this event, as it denotes the condition of the place at that time. Jonathan Dickerman was born 1719, thus in 1745 he was twenty-six years old. The settlement would not appear probable before 1740, and was then a blazed path from the city. At the "Steps," one-half mile north of this place, was the saw-mill, built by Joel Munson in 1735. Two miles north were the Bradleys in 1730, while to the south toward the city, was an unreclaimed forest.

The Bellamy family, of whom little is known, were here shortly after, and doubtless built the first store at the "Center," so called in 1800 by Dr. Samuel

Bradley. Thus we form a plan of the early growth, and find evidence of first settlements near the north boundary of New Haven Colony and in the extreme northern and eastern part of the parish. Enos was the first son born to Jonathan Dickerman, 1743. The earlier homestead of Enos Dickerman was demolished by a descendant of the family, George Dickerman, who built a house on the historic site about 1850. Enos second, born 1775, lived on the old homestead, and was the ancestor of all families of that name in the western part of the parish, and of families who now live in New Haven, North Haven and in the south border of Hamden. The homes of Dickerman families were most numerous between the Bradley homestead north, and the Ives, south, nearly every house for a mile on the turnpike road being owned by Dickerman families. Samuel, the first, or a son of Samuel Dickerman, built a home east of Mill River. The site of the house still shows in a ruined cellar, east of the iron bridge near the dam of Clark's Pond. Jonathan second built east of the river near the "Steps." The house still stands in fair preservation, built with hand-made nails, and "wrought" door handle, date of building about 1775. A large barn still stands directly opposite the house, and shows in its construction much to denote the man who built it. Dimensions, 40 x 42 feet, the frame all hewed from oak with great regularity and put together with extreme care. It is the largest and best preserved single frame ever built in the Parish, and stands to-day well protected and firm as when built one hundred and twenty-five years ago. The writer has during many seasons filled the barn with hay lifted by a horse fork, to its extreme limit of capacity, the hay being raised and gathered from the old Jonathan Dickerman farm. Great vicissitudes must have happened in his long life. He lived in colonial days and long after when the country became free and independent. Devoted to his home industries, profits accrued sufficiently to invest in "Vermont lands," which appeared as a field for improvements and attracted many settlers from Connecticut. The outcome of these investments were far from favorable and much loss ensued in principal and interest. His last days were much embittered in many ways and the estate again suffered division, to be reunited by the labors of Jonathan the fourth, and the fifth in the line, who made great advance in farming and in raising superior horses and cattle. By the continued system of re-distribution of estates, the farm has gone into decay and now shows little of its former producing capacity or of the prosperity once enjoyed there.

Doubtless no colonial house has suffered less change in its surroundings than the home of Jonathan Dickerman, second. Water is still drawn from the deep and cold well by winding a rope around a large revolving wooden wheel, seen in no other place. The old well-house still stands, and the big barn in the orchard, which sixty years ago produced the finest apples that went to New Haven market. The grape industry first flourished here, and five hundred barrels of market apples were not unusual as a season's production.

Jared Dickerman, a grandson of the first Jonathan, lived to be one of the oldest men in Mount Carmel. He was born in 1798 and died in 1891, aged ninety-two years. His wife, Henrietta, was a daughter of Ambrose Tuttle, as previously mentioned.

Seymour Dickerman, born in 1786, was a man of unique attainments among those who contributed to the enlargement of infant industries. In the days of our youth, the four-horse team of Seymour Dickerman was a team to be admired. Those were days when hauling of loads was done by oxen. Long ox teams passed over the turnpike from Cheshire, augmented by many teams from Mount Carmel, loaded with wood, hay, potatoes and other field products, to New Haven. Seymour Dickerman sought a more distant field to exploit. Fair Haven, which long held the banner as foremost in the oyster business, in those days sent their oysters abroad, in kegs holding from one quart to one gallon. No steam trains then transported goods. Water freighting and teams were the only means of distribution. Albany was near the outpost of civilization, and that was a long drive by which to carry oysters from Fair Haven. Also the transportation must be in cold weather. Preserving by use of ice was then unthought of.

The four-horse team of Seymour Dickerman traversed the roads to Albany for many years, delivering these oysters in the small kegs. When at school in Troy, in 1852, my uncle, Jairus Dickerman, described to me how Seymour Dickerman had appealed to him, on one of his first journeys with oysters, to help sell his load. The inhabitants at that time were unacquainted with oysters. By a judicious distribution of a few kegs, love for the oyster soon developed, and the four-in-hand found it lively work to supply the demand. Long lines of travel broaden human vision. Doubtless those drives over the Catskill ranges and hills passed on the highway, caused our miniature hills to look small to Seymour Dickerman.

In about 1850, there was a streak of land, green with growing rye, lying between what is now known as first and second peak, on Mt. Carmel. It lay far up, near the top, and the field had been cleared by Seymour Dickerman, and carefully cultivated. The ascent up the mountain, on the north side, to the field, was much more difficult than by the roadways since built, yet he thought lightly of driving his spirited sorrel horses up and down the mountain.

On the south side of Mt. Carmel, the highway is over Turner Hill, so named from a homestead there once occupied by a family of that name. Turner Hill long held a reputation of extreme difficulty in crossing. A family who had removed to Ohio, returned to visit their native place and inquired at the house of Job Blakeslee, one-half mile east of Turner Hill, how far the distance to Turner Hill. They could not conceal their surprise when told they had passed it one-half mile in their rear. "Why," said they, "we have been in great trouble, all the way from Ohio, to know how we could drive down Turner Hill," and in reality

passed it without knowing the place, having become inured to so much greater difficulties in the long drive.

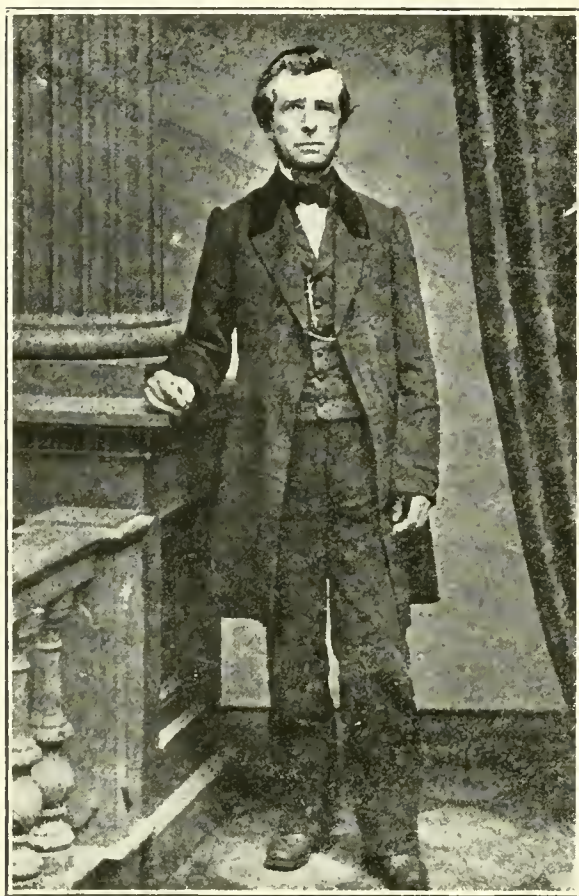
The writer, in 1874, made a trip by wagon of more than one hundred miles west from Delevan in Minnesota. The Eastern idea entertained of the prairies being that of a wholly level country, free of stone, was sadly marred by the scenes passed, and the roads travelled. Descending into the then frontier town of Jackson, the road seemed near a perpendicular descent, and the numerous boulders which skirted the roadway along the course of the upper waters of the Des Moines River, showed the vast Coteau de Prairie of this region, to be far from a level plain. Numerous flocks of water fowl filled the fifty-two lakes passed (every pond is a lake in Minnesota) with troops of sand-hill and white crane, crowded abandoned corn fields.

An industry long since lost to Mt. Carmel, was the cooperage business. During the early years of the nineteenth century, New Haven received a large share of the trade from the West Indies, and much commerce went out from here. The making of hogsheads to be filled with molasses and rum was actively carried on by Hezekiah Brockett. His shop stood on the turnpike road next the homestead of Seymour Dickerman. The homestead of Hezekiah Brockett still stands, the same as it was a century ago, two-story front with lean-to roof in the rear, on the corner of what is now named Tuttle avenue. On the corner opposite stands the brick house built by Charles Brockett, son of Hezekiah. The business connected with the cooperage industry, deserves more than passing notice. The market in the West Indies was ready to pay cash for immense quantity of products from the forest covered hills of Mount Carmel.

The citizens here became expert in making hoops, which were shipped on board the returning merchant vessels, for their cargoes of molasses and rum. When the leaves began to fall in the forest, the coopers entered the woods, and very soon after loads of hoops were moving to the seaport. All kinds of hard wood entered into the product, at prices from twenty dollars to forty-five dollars for a thousand hoops. The market usually continued open till spring, rendering the winter industry a season of profit. The cooperage business in New Haven also bought all the hickory poles offered, paying forty dollars a thousand for poles twelve feet long, and a graduated price for poles of shorter length. No demand has opened for West India trade since 1880.

In or about 1890, the writer had a market for more than sixty thousand hickory hoops, seven feet long, to be used on barrels to be filled with ingot copper. The hoops were made on the place, near where the poles were cut, by coopers who came from New York. Since that date there has practically been no market for hoops, and the poles are now suffered to grow into cord wood.

Three men of mark in the industries of Mount Carmel lived within easy hail of two of the homesteads still standing. No man has made a more note-



CHARLES BROCKETT.

worthy record in the parish than Charles Brockett. Of his posterity and name none are now living in the state. The property of the three adjoining homesteads, has long since passed to the possession of those "not to the manor born." Charles Brockett, while improving his farm, remarked that he had no grandson to want his farm. He retired from an active life in the manufacture of wagon springs, at the beginning of the Civil War. The stagnation of business at that time led him to sell his manufactured stock on hand, and retire from business. A few years previous the town of Hamden had elected Charles Brockett its first selectman, and he was retained in that office four consecutive years, all of which were eventful in the town history. The beginning of his term was marked by the sale of the town farm, where the poor had been cared for, and erecting new buildings on land donated to the town, where the present site now is occupied by the buildings erected during the term of Charles Brockett's administration. Following closely came the building of the dam on Mill River in Whitneyville by the New Haven Water Co., resulting in the overflow of the adjoining roadways, causing thereby much consultation in adopting the best routes for the continuation of

travel. Many town meetings were called and useless litigation prevented by the firm stand and wise counsel of Charles Brockett in the administration.

The United States government during this time, made a call to fill the quota of men from the town, to go to the front, and it was found after enrollment of all citizens liable for military duty, that thirty-six must be drafted. Still later two more drafts were ordered in the town of Hamden to furnish the men called for during the war. The popularity of Mr. Brockett was so great, that in the troublous times of those days, the succeeding man elected to fill the office of first selectman, resigned, and Mr. Brockett was re-elected to fill his place. Mr. Brockett lived many years after the close of the war, and found repose in cultivating his farm. He had been among the very earliest to engage in the making of steel wagon springs, and his springs needed no better indorsement than his name on them. His estate was the largest ever probated in Mount Carmel, at the time of his decease. But few people now living will remember the spring factory at the Canal lock on the Arba Dickerman farm. By the closing of the canal and building the railroad on the towpath, Mr. Brockett built a new factory a short distance above the "Steps," where the water was retained in the canal, and conducted under the roadway giving good power in reaching Mill River above the dam. No buildings now mark the site of either of these manufactories. Even the name and memory of Charles Brockett will soon be forgotten by those who come after.



Photographed by R. E. O'Brien.

BROCKETT HOMESTEAD.

THE HEZEKIAH BROCKETT OAK.

EIGHTEEN feet and ten inches in circumference. The top is much denuded, and has little of the wide branching characteristic of white oak development in open growth. The body of the tree has many overgrown scars where bereft of branches through storms of ice and age, but its height has been left unimpaired to still stand, the one sole surviving tree of the native forest on the Colonial Farmington road through New Haven to Cheshire line. The trunk is yet sound, with fair prospect to live through the present century. Calculating its growth by the normal gain of the white oak, two hundred years are required to attain its present dimensions. We are to consider the tree to have been in a state of decadence the past century or more, and may have remained without enlargement for a long time; it may be supposed the tree stood before the Mayflower landed at Plymouth, possibly before America was discovered by Columbus. It certainly has now the unique character of the one native landmark unchanged by time, still remaining where a score of similar monarchs of the forest that once graced the street have disappeared.

From this venerable oak Hezekiah Brockett suspended a chain to hold his inverted hogsheads in position, while a fire burned underneath to char the inner surface. His cooperage shop stood in the shade of this tree, where the venerable mugwumps of Dog Lane held their weekly sittings of the "Dog Lane Court."

From, or very near this tree, was the starting point in the original layout of a highway so far as Stony Brook, north side of the Blue Hills, in 1720. Leverett A. Dickerman (now eighty years of age) remembers when several white oak trees, each similar to the "Hezekiah Brockett oak," stood at different points along the road south toward the city. Mr. L. A. Dickerman is also authority for the statement that the original layout of the Farmington road was through what has later been called Centerville, east to near Mill River where the road now makes a sharp angle due north past the cemetery and thence following its present course. We must accept as change made by the Farmington Turnpike Co., a layout through the Jared Ives farm in 1800. The roadbed is now seen to the north of the house, through cultivated fields, where it meets the present road near the residence of Dr. George H. Joslin. Maple trees now standing in front of the Jared Ives house, show where the road passed near the house now owned and occupied by Burton T. Jones. The building of the canal pushed the highway to the east; later still it was further removed by the steam railroad (finally abandoned), and is at present occupied by the trolley road.



THE HEZEKIAH BROCKETT OAK.



THE JULIUS RICE TREE.

Photographed by H. B. Welch.

DOG LANE COURT.

TO picture life during the later decades of the eighteenth century, we imagine the "Connecticut Gazette" being dropped from the four-horse stage-coach as it drew up at the Bradley traven. Judge Bradley's house held the "Library" (still preserved there, with a copy of the oldest newspaper in the state, dated 1757, and a weather record of twenty-five years closing in 1811). Militia muster and general training came but twice a year,—something must fill in for weekday sport. What more can show the judicial bent of mind than the organization of a burlesque court to hold meetings Saturday afternoons. Here was opportunity for fair play in oratory, debate, and legal wit. A full record of inception and rules adopted, with forensic skill displayed, would no doubt reveal the early talent that sought a larger field for development.

There were also trials of strength, wherein the Doolittle family became famous in wrestling matches, the shouldering a beam of four hundred pounds weight, the lifting a cider barrel and drinking from the bung. Tradition gives only a fragment. Reuben Doolittle, noted for feats of strength, had been thrown in a wrestling match by a student at Yale, on the college campus. Reuben said he had a brother a little better than himself. The student invited him to bring on his brother. On the next visit to the city, the brother, Caleb, came with his ox cart loaded with cider. The student was ready for the contest. Caleb said he thought they had better first take a drink of cider, and he proceeded to remove the bung from a full barrel in the ox cart, then, lifting the barrel, he drank from the bung-hole and promptly offered it to the student, who declined with thanks. The wrestling match was off.

Like the repelling names found to attach to mining camps, the beautiful street must be caricatured. "Dog Lane" included the north portion, south to the brook that crosses where now are the ruins of the former steam railroad depot.

As a burlesque on court and legal proceedings, Mount Carmel had its "Dog Lane Court," with a yearly appointment of judge, clerk of court and attorneys, governed by rules and by-laws, with weekly meetings on Saturday afternoons. Older memories than the writer's must be consulted to know intimately of the work of this august tribunal. Records doubtless perished with the collapse of the judicial order. The quaint proceedings of the organization seem to have been quite unique, as we do not read of anything similar elsewhere.

One by-law provided a penalty on all farmers who did not complete their first hoeing of corn by June 20th. The penalty affixed was, that the members

of the court must hoe the balance of the field, and the delinquent farmer was summoned to appear and be crowned in public with the shell of a mud turtle.

By the neglect to pay a sixpence toward a bowl of "flip," the culprit was sentenced to be tied to a cart-tail and cast into a deep underground barn cellar filled with the filth of a hog pen. In one instance, the latter judgment was executed when the offending member could get no release until midnight.

The necessary qualification for judge was the man who could tell the biggest lie and make people believe it. A character known as "Governor Smith," whose house passed after his own demise near 1850, was selected under these qualifications to be judge of Dog Lane Court. He acknowledged the honor in befitting words, lamenting his own inability and acknowledging the superior qualifications for the office of his friend Job. Not that brother Job could tell a bigger lie than himself, but that he had a way of laying emphasis with his raised finger and thus make men believe it better than he could; therefore, brother Job ought to be made judge of Dog Lane Court.

Mr. Henry Tuttle, in his eightieth year, relates the following anecdotes of Dog Lane Court, from memory:

"Jason, according to what my father told me, kept hostelry where Lorenzo Peck now lives. Some of the men inquired what kind of a man Jason was. Well, some spoke very well and some didn't, but one turned to old Captain Castle and said, 'What have you got to say about him?' 'Well, he is a nice man, a very nice man, but, after all, he is a sharper, and a sharper according to old Johnson's dictionary, is a petty thief!'

"My father used to attend their meetings. They had meetings for election of officers. Sometimes the officers would hold over for several years. One of the places for holding meetings was the Cooperage shop of Hezekiah Brockett, a Governor who was in for a good many years. They met at one time to elect officers. The first business was to ballot for Governor. They took a ballot and elected Stevens. Governor Brockett got up and made a speech, thanking them for the confidence they had placed in him in electing him to the office of Governor, the highest office in the state. It was a great honor to him, he said, on account of the fact that you know we always elect the most high-minded and honorable man for that position. He got through with his speech and let Governor Stevens get up, and he said: 'Gentlemen: After hearing Mr. Brockett's speech you would think that that was entirely the principle that all the people of this Dog Lane Court voted upon, but you are mistaken—that is not the principle you go upon, for everybody who knows old Governor Stevens knows that he will lie, steal and get the best of everybody he can, and that is the principle we go upon to elect men to office.'

"When the farmers did not take care of their crops well but let them go to weeds, they would turn out and make sentence that they should bring in something to drink, crown them with a turtle shell, and hoe their corn for them.

"Obed Blakeslee, they called the 'laziest man in Mount Carmel.' But he said, 'I ain't a lazy man—what do you think of Eli?' 'Oh,' says one, 'Eli is what I call a dead slow man, but you are what I call a downright lazy man.'

"As to old Eli's farming. He owned a flat lot where Brockett's farm was. I always saw him coming up around the road with his shovel. The old man planted

corn in the old-fashioned way of planting beans between the rows. One morning he told the boys to go into the lot and plant beans in the forenoon. Then they went down and got their dinner. After dinner the boys said, 'Well, what shall we do this afternoon?' 'Well, I guess you'd better go up and go to planting beans again.' 'Well, father, what are you going to do?' 'Well,' he said, 'I am going to do the looking out.' 'Well, father,' said one of the boys, 'suppose we swap works this afternoon.' "

Can history be complete, where light falls only on pages bright in attractive colors? To be truthful must it not be like the figure where,

"Some days must be dark and dreary."

Our colonial era of 1794 found a broad, straight and almost level street one hundred feet wide, which, if preserved till to-day, might well be the pride and delight of the town. No chartered turnpike or toll gate, at that date marred the personal freedom of the use of the highway. Colonial houses were built very close to the street line. Two-story, with cut red sandstone foundations, stand imposing structures to this day. Just north, and near to the ancient meetinghouse, stood the Bellamy house, in which was organized the Day Spring Lodge of Free Masons. The charter was granted by the Grand Lodge of the State of Connecticut to Samuel Bellamy, Ezra Kimberly, George A. Bristol, Levi Tuttle, Amos Bradley, Leverett Limberly, Tully Crosby, Simeon Goodyear, Job Munson. The record of the lodge, printed in 1881, says the house still stands. To this might have been added, "marred of its former beauty." The place where childhood budded and bloomed, where tenderness in thought clustered in everything developed with care. The boast of the economist is of increased wealth without a thought as to where wealth centers. Improved farms pay the highest rate of taxation. Large investments foil the assessor in diverse ways. Lessons learned in the past forty years have barred the farm to American youth. The immigrant is now working again in homes of our sires. What else than undivided estates gives English life the prestige it holds throughout the world? For what else but the charm of old houses do American citizens roam the continent? Will opulent citizens of the East ever have like cause to visit America? They come while America has new mines to exploit, or areas of states to parcel out in cattle farms; but what of the attractiveness left in a country settled only two hundred years, already degenerate? Fitting it is that the peasantry from the east find our colonial homes with open doors, where they may come and find welcome.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Long lines of stonewalls, highways, grown up to brush, and once cultivated fields overgrown with woodlands, now occupy an area of several square miles on the northeastern slope of the mountain. About all that is known is that settlers

here built their homes, that numerous families grew up here, who moved West in the migrations that settled western New York and Ohio. Having experienced something of pioneer life on the prairies and traveled by wagon across the devastated farms in the locust invasion, I have known the way of living and habit of thought inculcated where wheat was the only staple raised for market, the eagerness to seize on belts of woodland, and the absence of cultivated fruits,—these deserted homesteads came forcefully to mind; and were my choice to be made, the old homestead sites would again be made to bloom and new orchards would smile with choicest fruits in one of the best locations fitted for such a purpose. The Methodist meeting-house, once filled with worshippers, has long been closed, the school is closed, dismantled and gone for want of scholars.

True it is, they all started and left us, and closed is the church where they prayed.
And none have come after to tarry, and lost are their homes in the wood.
You may find still their names by the rivers, the lakes, and in mines and in mills,
Where commerce sweeps on to the ocean, with wealth from their looms and their hills.

Aaron Tuttle enlisted in the War of the Revolution when seventeen years old. His home life was associated with a portion of Mount Carmel, where its history began before the charter was given to the parish,—a past so remote that not a house now remains, where within two centuries were built up flourishing farms.

Lovers of landscape beauty like to describe rich vine-clad hills with an eastern slope, which bear the renowned wines of the world. Sunrise shines first on these highlands facing the east, with the whole range of Mount Carmel at the back. Cold winds from west and north are warded off. Late and early frosts sink to the lowlands. Fog skirts the valley far below, while here is salubrity with health. Early spring days average a temperature twenty or thirty degrees warmer than in unprotected situations. In evidence that pioneer settlers here knew well of the benefits of high location, heredity points to the Tuttle race as being far-sighted in making early selections. We find Jude Tuttle, father of Aaron, transferred a tract of land to his son in 1748, on the Blue Hills. Jude Tuttle's father was Aaron Tuttle, son of Jonathan Tuttle. Thorpe in "North Haven Annals," says, "Jonathan Tuttle began a settlement near the Quinnipiac River in 1670." He built a bridge across the river and was allowed by the general court to collect toll for crossing. Records further say Jonathan Tuttle was baptized at Charlestown, Mass., in 1633. One hundred years later the descendants of Jonathan Tuttle were making homes on the eastern slope of Mount Carmel. Jude Tuttle, the father of Aaron Tuttle, received a deed from his father of land on the Blue Hills in 1748. The above land was originally laid out to Thomas Tuttle, who died in 1710.

The eminent Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, Hon. T. S. Gold, who has lately resigned his post after continuous labor of more than fifty years, once said that "Connecticut is a good state in which to raise up boys." The first half of the Nineteenth century was mostly remarkable in Connecticut life by producing emigrants to people new fields, some as pioneers in farming, some as pioneers in thought. Mount Carmel has contributed more than the overplus of its growth in pioneers. There is no state from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but has representatives from this small spot. How much influence in drawing to distant states may be ascribed to the charming views of commerce and manufacturing seen from the top of Carmel.

White winged messengers of commerce
Speed their way across the blue.

On the prairies not a pebble can be picked to throw, giving the muscular energy to the boys, and there is no nearby brook in which to fish, that dear indulgence to the boyish heart. On one of the most beautiful farms of the Mendon Prairie of Illinois, a youth said to me that he did not like hedge fence. If it were not for hedge, when too wet to work corn, he could go fishing, but with farm fenced with osage it was "trim hedge." Every pastime of the boy is cut off on the prairie farm. The elastic mind is born among the hills. Poetry is an element of rippling brooks and mountain heights. The stone that breaks the furrow sets inventive thought in motion. The best horses and the best fruits grow in New England,—why not boys of note, such boys as have gone from here to become men of mark in their especial field? One of the boys, whose ancestors were first to build a house in the parish, has become twice a president of the New York Stock Exchange—several terms a governor in the Exchange, and is to-day a partner in one of New York's most prominent firms of bankers.

Another man of large business interests which grew out of original thought in the neighborhood of these hills was William D. Hall. At a time of great depression in business near to 1850, he associated with himself a few farmers with a combined capital of five thousand dollars. The avowed design of the company was to grind bone, and render of value the waste of the slaughter house offal. To conduct the business far from a populous neighborhood, the first purchase of the company was a strip of land in the remote corner of the northeast of Mount Carmel Parish. His own residence was where the line ran through the house: while claiming a residence in Mount Carmel, he could enter North Haven without leaving his home. The company's business chartered as the "Quinnipiac Company," continued in business until about 1890. Previous to 1850 the Menhaden fish had swarmed along the shores of Long Island Sound. Numerous attempts had been made to utilize the oil but without success. There came a period of scarcity of supply of neat's-foot oil, which was supplied by the Quinnipiac Company, where it was used in the turning of iron axles in the factory of Henry Ives

in Mount Carmel. To supply the want, William D. Hall ordered his driver in gathering supplies, to bring in a load of Menhaden fish on the first opportunity. A propitious season favored early in June and a load of fish arrived just as the men were closing the mill. The fish were quickly deposited within the mill, when the men retired to their homes. Not so William D. Hall. The hour had come that was to change the destiny of the Menhaden that filled the waters of the coast of the Atlantic. The years of starvation of soils had come to an end. The Peruvian guano of South America had not a rival or defect. No longer would the process continue necessary to consume the fish by birds to make a return to wasted soils. The great fleet of ships and armies of coolies employed to load them would find competition at the very threshold of the wasted fields. The most skilled chemists would elucidate along untrodden paths of vegetable nutrition. Fleets would fill the waters of the coast-lying inlets, watching for the menhaden, while factories on shore were waiting with steam up, ready to convert the fish into marketable conditions in oil and fertilizer.—Let us return to Hall in the mill. The light of a discovery was dawning within him. His plan of rendering the offal, the first adopted at that time, was by steam conveyed to tanks. The previous plan had been to boil in kettles. By the use of steam in tanks, the offal, after rising to the top, on continuing the process would sink to the bottom of the tank, leaving the oil to float on top. Fish factories had, earlier than this date, been established on the coast, but in confining their methods to boiling in kettles, good oil could not be obtained. On the eventful night in the mill on the edge of the enduring Blue Hills, before morning dawned the problem was solved—how to render the Menhaden of commercial value.

The intention of the discoverer was to procure oil. Possibilities of the residue of the fleshy portion of the fish had not yet dawned. He little knew on that night that the plains devastated in a century and a half of wasteful agriculture had, in the fish scrap, the elements carried from the land into the sea. The elucidation of the business ventures which followed this discovery might be extended through volumes and the business developed met the exigencies of thousands through New England and extended in its ramifications to all parts of the Continent.

A benefactor to the human race has been described as one who caused two blades of grass to grow where had been but one. The discovery of William D. Hall caused many blades to grow where there had been none. The ever increasing population of the East had found a place in the West for its overflow. A worn-out soil was considered a worthless piece of the creation. A definite limit had been placed on the amount of human sustenance that might be derived from the earth. By the light of science brought out by an accidental discovery, the possibilities of recuperation of the soil was found to be unlimited and a way developed by which the waste in one form was restored by another. The wealth of the sea

is quickly returned. The phosphate deposits of ages are assimilated in a form to give life. Even the rocks yield up riches to feed a depleted field. The last half of the nineteenth century has witnessed a revolution in the possibilities of feeding the earth. Foremost among human agency should appear the name of William D. Hall.



Photographed by H. B. Welch.

THE NORTH CEMETERY.

EPITAPHS.

In memory of Mr. Samuel Dickerman.

Died May 10, 1760, age 44 years.

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

SAMUEL DICKERMAN, died 1789, age 45 years.

He was a kind Husband and tender parent, eminent in Benevolence
& Humanity & a worthy member of Society.

In memory of Mrs. MARY DICKERMAN,

Wife of Samuel Dickerman.

Died Dec. 5, 1802, aged 85 years.

My soul in Thy sweet hands I trust,

Now can I sweetly sleep;

My body falling into dust

I love with Thee to keep.

Sacred to the memory of JONATHAN DICKERMAN
who departed this life July 28, 1795, in the 77th year of his age.

He was a reputable member of society,

Benevolent to the poor in distress,

Industry, regularity, frugality & good

Economy marked his life. To human appearance he was

a follower & promoter of the religion of Jesus.

The sweet remembrance of the just

Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

In memory of JONATHAN DICKERMAN
who died May 2nd, 1821, in the 75th year of his age.

Praises on tombs are trifles vainly spent,

A man's good name is his best monument.

In memory of SIMEON TODD
who died Nov. 28, 1833, in his 63rd year.

Farewell my wife and children dear,

God calls me home from you;

Do not murmur nor repine

For God is just and kind.

——— the spirit of the just,

My Saviour I adore,

Smile upon my sleeping dust

That now can weep no more.

OBED TODD, died 1811, age 33.

Come hither all my friends and see

The grass grown leaf that covers me:

Cut off from every joy in life

From lovely babes and faithful wife.

No man from death is ever free,

Both young and old must follow me.

LAND RECORDS.

[Copy from Proprietors' Records, page 459.]

ORDER FOR LAYOUT IN COMMON FIELD, A PORTION OF BLUE HILLS.

New Haven, February 13, 1721.

We, whose names are underwritten, being appointed a committee to set off half the Blue Hills and the West Rock to Thomson's Gap, for Town Commons, have marked off the several places we were appointed for. We begun at the Blue Hills at a known place called Stony Brook, it being about the midway between the East and Mill River, and from thence we went westerly at the south side the Blue Hills leaving a convenient highway, marking the trees, and heaps of stones at the root of every tree, till we came to the Mill River at the north side William Bassett third division lot, and from thence to the north side of the Blue Hills, leaving a convenient highway between and the Rock, beginning at two trees marked standing by the River, and from thence easterly leaving a convenient highway and marked trees and stones, till we came over with the Stony Brook on the opposite south side and marked trees across to said Brook.

THEOPHILUS MUNSON,
ISAAC DICKERMAN,
THOMAS TROWBRIDGE,
JOSEPH MANSFIELD,

Committee.

Per SAMUEL BISHOP, Clerk.

Land values 1733

Deeded by Amos Bradley to Daniel Bradley—

184 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres for £54 current money, corresponding to \$270.00—very near \$1.50 per acre.

The earliest preserved record of assessors' enumeration and valuation of property in Mount Carmel is 1844:

Six hundred and fifty-seven (657) neat cattle are assessed at \$10.006.61—average value a trifle more than \$16.00 each.

Ninety-seven (97) horses valued at \$3,515.00—average value of \$36.00 each.

Four hundred and eighty-four (484) sheep valued at \$1.00 each.

BLUE HILL RECORD BOOK.

THE following extracts are from the "Town of Hamden Blue Hill Common Field Record Book," a volume in manuscript, on which the price is marked as three shillings ninepence, and which was found among the papers of the late Roderick Kimberly, who officially made the entry of the last adjourned meeting of the Association held at his house March 12th, 1842. The Association was formed for the purpose of caring for the open or common fields on the "Blue Hill," as Mt. Carmel was then known, and the record shows annual meetings beginning in 1807. The first page of the book is as follows:

"At a County Court holden at New Haven in and for the County of New Haven on the 4th Tuesday of November, 1807, upon the petition of David J. Tuttle and Jotham Tuttle of Wallingford, Job L. Munson, Jesse Tuttle and Allen Dickerman of Hamden in New Haven County, and of others whose names are subscribed to said petition, showing to this Court that they are the proprietors of more than two-thirds of a certain tract of land situate in said Hamden on the Blue Hills so-called containing about eight hundred acres more or less, being the whole of the Eighth and Ninth Division of Lands in said Hamden which were laid out in said place as on Record—praying to be permitted to improve said tract of land in a common field as by petition on file.—And Job Blakeslee, Joel Todd, Jonathan Dickerman, Lyman Bradley and Amanda Todd, the said Lyman and Amanda as administrators of the Estate of Medad Todd, dec'd, the only proprietors of land in said tract who have not signed said petition, being duly notified to appear before the Court and make objection if any they have against the prayer of said petition, and having made default of appearance and the Court having enquired into the facts stated in said Petition and finding them to be true as stated—Resolved by this Court that the proprietors of the above described tract of land be permitted to use and improve said land as a common field by the name of Blue Hill Common Field, and they are hereby fully authorized and empowered to form and improve the same accordingly with all the powers and privileges by Law appertaining to Proprietors of common Fields.

By the Court —

M. H. LYNDE, Clerk.

the foregoing is a true copy of Record

Attest M. H. LYNDE, Clerk.

the above is a true copy of the original

Attest RUSSEL PIERPONT, Proprietors Clerk."

The first meeting of these Proprietors was held at the "Dwelling house of Cap't Jared Cooper in said Hamden" on the 7th day of March, 1808. At the second meeting it was voted that a fence should be erected around the hills. To quote again:

"At an adjourned Meeting of the Proprietors of the Blue Hill Common Field held at the house of Mr. Ezra Kimberly April 17th, 1809, Mr. Jotham Tuttle Moderator. Ambrose Tuttle chosen Clerk Pro Tem

Voted to release David J. Tuttle from being Committee

Voted to release Jotham Tuttle from being fence viewer

Jotham Tuttle chosen Committee

David J. Tuttle, Eber Ives, Chauncey Dickerman chosen Fence Viewers.

Voted to adjourn this meeting to the fourth day of May at 5 o'clock in the afternoon at this place. Recorded by RUSSEL PIERPONT, Clerk."

"At a meeting of the Proprietors of the Blue Hill Common Field held by adjournment May 4th, 1809

Mr. Jotham Tuttle Moderator—

Manly Dickerman, Leveritt Tuttle, Simeon Todd, Jonathan Dickerman, Hezekiah Tuttle were chosen Haywards.

Voted that the Fees for pounding Cattle, Horses, Sheep & Swine found within the Inclosure of the Blue Hill Commonfield shall be double the sum set or granted by law.

Voted to adjourn this meeting without day RUSSEL PIERPONT, Clerk."

The members of the Association seem to have served in rotation as "Proprietors' Committee, Fence Viewers, Haywards" and general officers. Tables are given showing the assignment of "each one's share of the North and South Tiers of Land on the Blue Hills," and in the back of the book are recorded a number of transfers of these various properties. A few of the later votes are as follows:

"On the 20th of March 1817, Voted that the poundage on cattle be 25 cents per head. Voted that the poundage on sheep be 3 cents per head. Voted to adjourn this meeting without day. LEVERITT TUTTLE, Clerk."

"March 3rd, 1823, Voted to tax the Proprietors of the Blue Hill Common Field two cents on the acre payable the first of May next for defraying the necessary expenses of said field. Uri Todd was chosen to collect said tax.

"Voted that the compensation of the fence viewers be 75 cents per day when called out by the Committee."

April 6th, 1830, Voted that any person may turn Horses or Sheep on to the Blue Hill Common Field with liberty from a Committee appointed for that purpose by paying 20 cents a head per week for Horses and 1½ cents a head per week for sheep."

"March 7th, 1836, Voted that the poundage fees be fifty cents a head for Cattle and Horses and five cents a head for Sheep; two-thirds of the poundage fees to the impounder, and one-third to pound keeper."

The entries continue until March 12, 1842.

Witness to the exactness with which the Society proceeded, is the following table which, among others, appears in the book.

"We the subscribers, being chosen a Committee by the Proprietors of the North and South Tiers of Land on the Blue Hills to portion out each one's share of same

in order to enclose the same, have proceeded and set off the same in the following manner, viz:—

THIS IS THE AGREEMENT BILL ON THE PROPRIETORS OF THE BLUE
HILLS LAND.

	Acres.	Qrs.	Rods.
Jonathan Dickerman	64	2	21 $\frac{1}{4}$
Heirs of Medad Todd	59	1	27 $\frac{1}{2}$
Joel and Simeon Todd	97	2	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Jonathan Tuttle	30	0	0
Joseph Turner	40	1	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Isaac Tuttle	12	0	33
Seba Thorp	10	0	0
Ithamar Tuttle	12	3	28
Joshua Tuttle	5	2	31 $\frac{1}{4}$
Deborah & Job Blakeslee	24	1	23 $\frac{1}{4}$
Jesse Tuttle	8	1	28
Jenajah Bishop	1	2	0
Aaron Tuttle	1	2	0
Eleazar Munson	8	0	0
Peter Eastman	4	2	0
Hezekiah Tuttle	6	0	0
George Merriman	0	3	0
Lyman Todd	5	0	0
Reuben Doolittle	8	0	0
Joel Doolittle	4	0	0
Ephriam Johnson	23	1	11
Titus Mansfield	2	0	14
Jesse Tuttle	48	1	25
Hannah Tuttle	10	0	2
Hannah Todd	3	2	7
Mary Johnson	9	0	29
David J. Tuttle	12	1	27 $\frac{1}{4}$
Joseph Johnson	19	1	24 $\frac{1}{2}$
Samuel Tuttle	2	0	0
Jonathan Tuttle	6	2	26 $\frac{3}{4}$
Ira Tuttle	7	0	0
Jesse Dickerman	13	2	21 $\frac{1}{2}$
Heirs of Jabez Tuttle	1	0	8
Merrit Tuttle	4	2	1
Jesse Dickerman & Abel Woolcut	6	1	15 $\frac{1}{2}$
Levi Dickerman	26	3	6
Jotham Tuttle	46	3	39 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ebenezer B. Munson	24	0	4 $\frac{3}{4}$
Miles Dickerman	4	2	30
Polly Dickerman	5	3	30
Allen Dickerman	18	1	18

	Acres.	Qrs.	Rods.
Manly Dickerman	29	1	29½
Hezekiah Bocket	2	2	3
Ambrose and Leveritt Tuttle	6	2	11
Russel Pierpont	12	2	9½
Ambrose Tuttle	3	0	8¾
Leveritt Tuttle	3	0	8¾
Job L. Munson	13	3	2¼
Heirs of Cap't John Miles Weaver	6	0	3
Heirs of Samuel Gilbert	2	3	0
Eber Ives	8	1	8
Eli Tuttle	8	2	0½
Chauncey Dickerman	40	0	31¾
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	839	0	20¼

Received to Record March 17, 1812 and Recorded by
RUSSEL PIERPONT, Clerk."

The above is the number of acres owned by each one.

WEATHER RECORD.

AMONG a number of ancient books in the possession of Mrs. Cornelia Dudley is a printed volume of 84 pages, being a minute record of the weather for each day covering a period of twenty-five years from April 1, 1785, to March 31, 1811, inclusive. We give here some extracts from the work, and also the last page entire, which is a record of the hottest and coldest days during the time specified:

PREFACE.

The following account of the weather has been taken with care at the time the several events happened, and from personal observation.

And as I have taken great pains a quarter of a century last past, to take down an account of such things, with some other events, I hope it will be agreeable to any who are willing to take notice of it.

I suppose that long storms extend many miles; but showers and gusts of wind often reach but a little space; and how this account will agree with the state of the weather at a distance, in other towns and states, perhaps may be worth thinking of by those who have kept an account similar to this.

The several small journeys, and days that I was from home between the years 1790 and 1798, I kept the account of the weather where I travelled; and as many of those towns, and the time I was in them are named, those who have kept such an account of the weather in said towns, will see this agrees with theirs.

This account of the weather, &c. was observed and kept within the distance of from three to five miles of New Haven, in Connecticut, except about one-eleventh part of said 25 years.

J. A.

Hamden, April 2, 1810.

RECOMMENDATION.

THE Subscribers having examined the account of the weather kept by MR. JEREMIAH ALLING, and compared it in many instances with accounts of the weather which we have kept, during a considerable part of the same period, and having in all the instances which we have so compared, found his account to agree with ours, do without hesitation express our belief that the whole of it is correct, and entitled to the confidence of the public.

ISAAC BEERS,
JEREMIAH DAY,
HEZEKIAH HOWE.

New Haven, July 5, 1810.

A REGISTER
of the
WEATHER.

APRIL, 1785.

- 1 Some snow: some sunshine.
- 2 Clear morn.; cloudy A.; hail in night.
- 3 Chiefly cloudy; cold.
- 4 Chiefly cloudy; some squalls rain.
- 5 Chiefly clear; warm.
- 6 Clear and warm.
- 7 Clear and cloudy at turns.

MAY, 1785.

- 1 Chiefly cloudy; very cool.
- 2 Clear; N. wind.
- 3 Cloudy; hazy.
* * *
- 11 Hazy; rainy night—peach trees begin to blow.
* * *
- 19 Cloudy.—Apple trees begin to blow.

And so on, for twenty-five years, with the regularity of the weather itself.
The last page of the book reads as follows:

Here followeth an account of the degrees of heat and cold; some of the coldest, and some of the hottest days, most of the years of this Register, taken from Mr. I. Beers' Register of the weather, near the College, in New Haven.

SOME HOTTEST DAYS.

1786	July 19	96
	Aug. 22	94
1788	July 3 and 8	92
	Aug. 5	93
1788	June 6	90
	July 12	94
	Aug. 4	92
1789	July 20 & 21	90
	July 3 & 9	94
	Aug. 7 to 15	93 to 98
1790	July 22 & 23	93
	Aug. 6 & 15	95
1791	July 12	91
	Aug. 26	91
1796	July 8	91
	Aug. 1	89
1797	July 20	90
	— 21	94
1798	July 3	101
	— 28	97
1799	June 24	93
	July 13	94
	— 31	91
1800	June 11	92
	July 7	100
	Aug. 27	94
	Aug. 20	95

SOME COLDEST DAYS.

1786	Jan. 18 & 19	2 deg. below 0
1787	Jan. 19	within 8 of 0
1788	Jan. 14	within 4 of 0
	Feb. 5 & 6	down to 0
1789	Feb. 1	within 9 of 0
	— 2	down to 2 below 0
	— 26	within 4 of 0
1790	Feb. 10	4 of 0
	— 13	6 of 0
	Dec. 9	5 of 0
1791	Jan. 29	10 of 0
	Feb. 3	10 of 0
	— 17	8 of 0
1796	Jan. 30	below 0
	Dec. 23 & 24	below 0
1797	Jan. 8 & 9	below 0
	Dec. 25	within 2 of 0
1798	Feb. 8 & 9	1 of 0
	Dec. 25	8 of 0
1799	Feb. 6, 10 & 26	3 of 0
	March 5	to 0
1800	Jan. 29	to 0
	Feb. 13	within 7 of 0
1801	Jan. 3	1 of 0
	Feb. 13	1 of 0
	— 16	to 0
1802	Feb. 6	within 9 of 0
	— 23	to 0

SOME HOTTEST DAYS—*Continued.*

1801	From June 23 to July 3, from 90 to	97
1802	July 23	94
	Aug. 23 & 24	91
	Sept. 16	90
1903	June 25	96
	July 26	89
	Aug. 3 & 4	91
1804	July 8 & 10	92
	— 30	90
	Aug. 19 & 20	92
1805	June 20	100
	July 4, 5 & 6	92 to 95
	— 13	100
	Aug. 10	93
	Sept. 12	91
1806	June 24	90
	July 26	90
1807	June 9	92
	July 16 & 19	90
	Aug. 17	90
1808	June 6	92
	— 7	95
	July 1	96
	Aug. 4	92
1809	June 25	90
	— 28	95
	July 10	90
1810	June 20	93
	— 23	90

SOME COLDEST DAYS—*Continued.*

1803	Jan. 20	within 9 of 0
	— 29	4 of 0
1804	Jan. 22	2 of 0
	Dec. 14	9 of 0
1805	Jan. 4	below 0
	— 14	within 8 of 0
	Feb. 4	6 of 0
1806	Jan. 15	2 of 0
	— 18	to 0
	Dec. 31	within 9 of 0
1807	Jan. 1	4 of 0
	— 14	3 of 0
	— 19	3 of 0
	— 27	4 of 0
	Feb. 7	5 of 0
1808	Jan. 4 & 5	within 4 of 0
	— 16	to 0
	Feb. 26	within 10 of 0
1809	Jan. 9	10 of 0
	— 13	to 0
	Feb. 1	9 of 0
	— 5	8 of 0
	— 9	5 below 0
	— 10	2 of 0
	— 17	8 of 0
1810	Jan. 19 & 20	1 of 0
	— 20 & 22	to 0
	— 29 & 30	to 0
	Feb. 10	3 of 0
1811	Jan. 18	within 10 of 0
	— 23	10 of 0
	Feb. 20	2 of 0
	— 22	6 of 0

In winter from 20 to 38; in summer from 60 to 78.



THE AUTHOR.





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